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Shall We Help Mr Gaitskell?–IV

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Coming Apart at the Seams

THERE is an administration in Washington today, but no government. In the absence of strong presidential leadership—or such a substitute for it as Mr Dulles provided—the American political system falls into its component parts. Congress pulls one way, the Pentagon another. The State Department tries to deal with routine business, while many of its functions are assumed by the National Security Council. The Treasury seeks to balance the Budget by cutting arms expenditure, and the Defence Department presides over the squabbles of the jealous services.

This process was already far advanced before Mr Dulles sickened, though it was more marked in domestic than foreign affairs. The former Secretary at least ensured that the US followed a definite but negative diplomatic line. But now he has gone, as Mr Sherman Adams—the only other man of whom the President has tearfully said 'I need him'—went before him. Mr Eisenhower is left without the two sub-presidents who put life and character into the mask of his office. He must now make do with General Persons as his personal assistant and Mr Herter in the State Department.

So, the commentators say, the President must do more for himself—that he is both fit and anxious to be President in fact as well as name. But it is his capacity that is in doubt, not his will. Whatever efforts he now makes, however hard he tries to mould his shapeless thoughts into the detail of policy, it is too late to change the habits of work acquired in seven years of delegating responsibility to men who were able and willing to carry it. He has been away too much. He was out on a golf course for the crucial hours of the Little Rock crisis; he was so eager to hurry back to another 'holiday headquarters' that he bungled the delicate formalities of appointing Mr Herter. He has let the administrative machine run down, because he could count on two strong men to make decisions on their own. He has seen the political initiative slip away to a Congress dominated by his opponents, for he has always lacked the personal contacts and experience which enabled Roosevelt and Truman to play the tricky game of making executive policy and winning congressional backing for it. And, finally, he is approaching the end of his term—always a difficult period for the most able incumbent. However great his public prestige may still be, he is no idol now to those about him or working under him.

If Mr Eisenhower could count on a loyal entourage, and could find in it one outstandingly able man on whom he could depend, he might be able to coast through the 20 months of office that yet remain to him. But even his personal staff is divided. Some of them look to Mr Nixon, as do certain members of the Cabinet and the National Security Council. A few, already, are Rockefeller men, and others simply dislike Mr Nixon—among whom must be numbered General Persons, Mr Hagerty and other protégés of the Dewey wing of the Republicans. These are the men who promoted the Eisenhower-for-President movement, who guided him through his first term, and who took control when he had his first illness. Through Sherman Adams they ran the White House, and through the Dewey machine they have run the Republican Party. Only the thought that a heart's-beat separated Nixon from the automatic succession has kept them moderately civil to the ambitious Californian. Mr Herter, too, comes from that stable. And, of course, there is the set of golfing and bridge cronies of the President, the conservative corporation executives and high-ranking soldiers, on whose advice he leans heavily, and to whom in this extremity he may increasingly turn.

The result is hand-to-mouth government, without either a set purpose or the political know-how to carry out whatever vague aims the President may conceive. Yet those who ask whether, in the coming months, he may retire and permit Nixon to take over—a complicated matter even if Eisenhower himself desired it—must recognise one simple fact. America's allies may be anxious for coherent and effective government in Washington, but that will not decide the succession. It will be settled by a trial of strength between those who will take Nixon, and those who, at almost any price, are determined to keep Eisenhower in to keep Nixon out.

Comments on the Week's News

Do We Count In Washington?

The Americans clearly have a legal right to fly along the Berlin air corridors at any altitude they please; neither the Potsdam agreement nor the instrument reaffirming Allied right of access drawn up after the first Berlin crisis places such a limitation on traffic in the corridors. It is significant, moreover, that the Russians, in denouncing the flights as illegal, claim that they are 'an infringement of the sovereignty of the DDR' – a manifest absurdity, since Allied rights, whatever they are, spring solely from the unconditional surrender of Nazi Germany. The real question is the advisability of such flights during the pre-Summit period. No doubt the Americans think, probably correctly, that the Russian response to these pinpricks will be purely verbal and that the risk of a serious incident is negligible. They can also argue that, should negotiations break down, it is vital that the Allies should be able to operate an effective air lift to Berlin as an alternative to using force. If a ceiling on the air corridors is conceded, it is doubtful if this could be done: hence it is essential that the precedent should be established. On this line of reasoning, the flights can be represented as a sensible insurance against a situation in which the West would have to choose solely between a climb-down over Berlin or war. The US position thus has a certain logic. But what of the British? Mr Selwyn Lloyd protested about the first flight to Mr Herter and 'leaked' his protest to the British press. But now that Washington has closed its ranks and made it clear that the flights will continue, the Foreign Office has beaten an undignified retreat and is trying to pretend that it never protested at all. If this incident is a measure of our diplomatic leverage in Washington, what hope has Mr Macmillan of carrying America with him on the far more fundamental Summit issues?

More Home Ownership?

Revisions are still being made in Labour's policy for widespread municipal ownership of rented houses and flats. When, recently, there was some controversy about a letter that Mr Anthony Greenwood had written to *The Times*, it was ruled by the party leadership that Labour's intention was to encourage, rather than direct, local councils to take over rented property in their areas. Now there has been another modification to *Homes of the Future*. To meet the possible objections of those who may wish to own their own homes, instead of becoming council tenants, it is suggested that local authorities may sell back houses acquired by municipalisation – but only to sitting tenants. They would pay, presumably, something like the price paid by the council, and they would be able to secure 100 per cent. mortgages on the same terms as those promised to other house-purchasers in Labour's policy statement. They would, that is to say, be required to bring the house up to at least the standard set by the council for the modernisation of neighbouring or comparable property: specifically, this would mean the provision of a bath, with hot and cold water, of adequate heating and lighting, and proper divisions between separate households living in the property. They could, moreover, be required to contribute to a repairs fund, if one were set up, and to remain in personal occupation, giving the local authority first option on purchase when the occupying owner dies or moves. Such conditional sales would ensure that houses were put into decent condition, and the money to do this would be made available as improvement grants or loans. It may, moreover, be popular with a minority, though it has certain drawbacks from the standpoint of planning and administration. Its main political advantage is that it takes the sting out of a Tory scare about municipalisation.

West Indian Strains

The most obvious reason for Sir Grantley Adams's visit to London is to discuss with the Colonial Secretary the weakness of the powers possessed by his West Indian federal government. It is clear, however, that the real core of this problem is the relation between the federal government and Jamaica. Sir Grantley is likely to be talking much more about his relations with Norman Manley, Chief Minister of Jamaica, than about abstract constitutional matters. The truth is that the federation has always depended essentially on the active support of Jamaica, the largest, richest and most highly developed of the islands. The idea of federation would never have come to fruition if it had not been that, first Bustamente, and then Manley, strongly supported it. Now, however, both Jamaican leaders seem to have had second thoughts. This is understandable in the case of the flamboyant and cynical Bustamente, who is seeking to undermine Manley's position by suggesting that Jamaicans have to pay unnecessary taxes to support the other islands in the federation. It is less explicable in Manley's case; for he, as a Socialist, has always understood that federation meant a pooling of wealth, which in the long run would safeguard Jamaica's own future. Lately, since his sharp brush with Sir Grantley over a misunderstanding about the possibility of retrospective federal taxation, Manley has seemed to follow the pace set by Bustamente. This is a dangerous game. If Manley, the idealist, attempts to emulate Bustamente in opportunism, he will lose his moral ascendancy which won him the last Jamaican elections and will certainly be outbid in cynicism by his opponent.

The Nats Again Thwarted

By quashing the indictment against 61 of the accused in the Treason Trial, South African judges have again slapped their government's face. For nearly two and a half years the Nationalist prosecutors have been trying to bring their charges against those accused of treason by the government. Time after time they have failed to get the courts to accept their pleas; the incompetence of the government's legal advisers could hardly have been more clearly exposed. At the same time the attitude of the judges, most of whom were appointed by the Nationalists, has again shown that the judiciary in an autocratic country may sometimes be prepared to put law before political expediency. To the outside world the Nationalists would appear to be making themselves ridiculous by their persistence in pursuing this treason charge despite the rejections by the courts. This is not how it appears within South Africa, however. What the rest of the world does not realise is that the Nationalists live in their own small closed community, quite impervious to the taunts of outsiders. With single-minded Puritan fanaticism, they are pursuing those who they are convinced work for the Devil against the God who bestows his divine right on Afrikanerdom. They will never be diverted by fear of ridicule.

Tito and the Purges

Last Sunday, in the course of a speech commemorating the 40th anniversary of the Yugoslav Communist Party, President Tito referred to the liquidation of more than 100 Yugoslavs in the great Soviet purges. This is the first time, in the long dispute with Moscow, that Tito has done more than imply that he could disclose a good deal of the inside story of Soviet politics, both in Stalin's lifetime and during the struggle over the succession. It is, in itself, a tiny detail, but this reference should be read in the context of *Borba's* hint, on Tito's return from his Asian tour, that too much pressure from the Soviet Union might induce Belgrade 'to disclose the facts about Yugoslavia's relations with the Socialist camp'. There is no doubt that Tito knows many damaging things about Soviet and Comintern history: he has been the leader of the Yugoslav CP for 22 years, a Comintern functionary for much of that time, and he has had frequent private meetings with Soviet and satellite politicians. But, for fairly obvious reasons, he has so far preferred to keep quiet on this score, and to confine the polemics with Moscow to the public points of difference. As long as he hoped for some kind of reconciliation, it was clearly unwise to start circulating the secrets of the Comintern: even now, though relations are sorely strained again, he must be unwilling to do anything which would make the breach irreparable – and that would be the inevitable result of such 'treachery' to the Communist cause. Yet even the implied threat of sensational disclosures may be a useful reminder to the Russians that they should keep their campaign against Yugoslavia within tolerable limits. The Smolensk Communist archives – looted by the Germans during the war and now published – show that much remains to be revealed.

The Iraqi Students' Dispute

This journal has always taken a keen interest in the position of the Iraqi students resident in this country. On a number of occasions, during the Nuri es-Said regime, we protested against pressures brought to bear by the Iraqi government to force these students to desist from political activities inimicable to that regime. After the revolution, last July, we hoped, along with the majority of these students, that such pressures would cease. Unhappily, during the last six months, they have not only been revived but have become, if anything, more intolerable than before. Since its formation in 1952, the Iraqi Students Society has always possessed a Communist and a Nationalist (Nasserite) wing. Recently, with the assistance of the Iraqi government and the London embassy, the Communist wing has become dominant, and at the time of its last Congress, in December, the Nationalist wing broke away and formed the Iraqi Republic Students Society, which was accepted as a fraternal organisation by the (Nasserite) Arab Students Union. It claims a membership of around 200. Threats were issued to its members by the Baghdad Ministry of Education and the embassy, and more recently

they were ordered by Dr Kubbah, the Minister of Economics, to withdraw from the IRSS and to deposit a signed and registered statement to this effect with the embassy not later than 16 April. This, it is said, was accompanied by threats to withdraw government grants, authority to export currency and even passports. (The Iraqi Embassy denies this.) The ISS claims that all but seven members of the IRSS have complied, the remainder being led by what it calls 'the son of a fabulously rich landowner whose lands were taken over by the Agrarian Reform Commission two months ago'. Whether or not this statement is correct, the great majority of Iraqi students bitterly resent the totalitarian tactics adopted by the Kassem government towards them and would welcome an impartial inquiry.

Congress Wins Nepal

The common notion that illiterate and backward people cannot make an intelligent use of the ballot has once again been refuted in Nepal. Nearly as mountainous as Tibet, and less developed, Nepal is almost without roads or public education. A very high percentage of men and women voted without fuss or excessive regimentation in Nepal's first general election, which began in February and ended this week. Seventy-three out of a total of 107 seats went to the Nepali Congress Party; 19 to the Gorkha Parishad (a Rana Party); six to one-man parties. The Communists, in spite of lavish propaganda, won only four seats. The Nepali Congress Party has a good organisation and is identified with the revolutionary movement of 1950 – the first challenge to the Rana rulers. The next step is to form a government along western constitutional lines, with an upper House of 19 members and a lower House. Mr B. P. Koirala, leader of the Congress Party, was justified in saying that the elections showed that people had faith both in the Congress Party and in a democratic ideology. Whether they retain this faith depends on whether Congress, with its sweeping majority, now begins efficiently to practise the policy of social and economic development it has preached.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Boston Brahmin

John Foster Dulles's last official act was characteristically professional, and President Eisenhower's reaction to it was characteristically personal. With the western foreign ministers due to meet on 29 April, Dulles declined to withhold his resignation an additional week or so on the remote chance that further treatment might miraculously arrest his tragic malignancy. It was plain to him, as to all observers, that every day that passed with Christian A. Herter still in the subordinate position of Under Secretary must weaken his position as a negotiator among equals. Yet when the inevitable telephone call reached Mr Eisenhower, at a cottage on the Augusta National golf course, the news seemed to strike him like a thunderclap from a cloudless sky. Far from being prepared either to name a successor at once or firmly to put off the subject out of deference to Dulles, he gave the impression that the problem had first arisen for him at that very moment. 'All kinds of considerations' would have to go into deciding on a successor, he said, and the field was wide open. Thus Dulles's purpose was wiped out, in effect, with Herter looking more at a disadvantage than ever.

The extent to which the President was thrown off guard is generally accepted here as a measure of his will to believe that Dulles would recover, a will rooted in extreme dependence. More than any President since Coolidge, Eisenhower has leaned on key subordinates. George Humphrey, his first Secretary of the Treasury, fixed Eisenhower's position on financial matters for all time. Sherman Adams managed the President's politics and ran the machinery of his Administration, and when that man of New Hampshire granite was being urged to resign for conduct unbecoming a Crusader, Eisenhower could only cry out in anguish, 'I need him'. But above both of these and above all criticism was John Foster Dulles, in the President's view a greater Secretary of State than Jefferson, Adams, Webster, Hay, or Stimson.

Righteous in word and cautious in deed, Dulles perfectly expressed the temper of the Administration. Publicly he was for 'unleashing Chiang Kai-shek' but privately he persuaded Chiang not to go anywhere when unleashed. 'Liberation' of the eastern European satellites was his campaign cry, but when Hungary revolted he prudently kept hands off. In this sense at least his policy was flexible, and if because of it he drew fire from ally and enemy alike, he drew it to himself, making it possible for the President to relax in the comforting belief that American diplomacy was a one-man job and that Dulles was the one man.

In the circumstances it was perhaps inevitable that Eisenhower should put off to the ultimate moment the transfer of the State Department to Mr Herter. Where Dulles was trenchant and self-sufficient, his successor is mild of manner and likely to share his diplomatic load with the Department, the Foreign Service, and the President himself. Where Dulles was legalistic and a hard man at a green table, Herter is ingratiating, open to fresh views, and thoroughly trained in the arts of political compromise. He is well liked in Congress, where as a Representative he is said to have made the Marshall Plan respectable among Republicans. While his relations with Senate leaders are likely to be far better than those Dulles enjoyed, he may by his very resilience involve the President in the hard work and hazards of conducting a foreign policy more flexible than insistence on the *status quo*.

Christian Herter impresses people as a Boston Brahmin, with the appropriate Harvard accent and slightly reserved air, but he is in fact a cosmopolitan figure with the unique background, for an American politician, of having been born in Paris of art-student parents. Courteous and friendly, he is expected to rely far more on the gentle arts of persuasion than on the combination of righteousness-and-manœuvre that got Dulles looked upon as a cross between Calvin and Talleyrand. If the approach seems rather bland in the present state of the world, those who know Herter expect it to be sharpened by a shrewdness acquired in decades of tricky Massachusetts politics.

ROBERT BENDINER

NEXT WEEK

Britain, Russia and the Cold War

The first of two articles on Labour foreign policy

by DENIS HEALEY MP

Paris

The Gaullist Censorship

Our Paris Correspondent writes: To a considerable extent, the French public became accustomed to the suppression of newspapers under the Fourth Republic. Because successive governments, of varying political complexions, had recourse to such arbitrary measures from time to time, most Frenchmen ended by regarding them as a sort of natural phenomenon – regrettable, no doubt, but inevitable even under a democracy. Each time the protests become a little fainter. Now, under the Fifth Republic, they are hardly heard at all. Yet there is a big difference in the manner in which papers are now seized. Messrs Bourgès-Maunoury, Gaillard and Mollet ordered a suppression in order to win a few votes at the Palais Bourbon, but they were always scared of the possible reactions among their own followers and they were fully aware of the illegal nature of their acts. Hence, seizures were carried out as unostentatiously as possible and, immediately their votes of confidence had been carried, the government usually made some sort of apology and gave assurances for the future.

By contrast, M. Debré behaves as if his conscience is entirely clear and the law on his side. Indeed, he takes the opportunity of each seizure to discredit and threaten the opposition. The method is simple and characteristic of authoritarian regimes: the seizure is announced in a communiqué broadcast on the radio and issued to all newspapers by Agence France Presse, thus ensuring that the public gets only the government version. In March, for instance, the reason given for the seizure of *L'Express* was that it had published 'a scandalous panegyric of the rebel forces which are fighting against the army and the French Nation'. This week, after the seizure of *France-Observateur*, a long communiqué explained that M. Claude Bourdet had 'attempted to dishonour the police and the guardians of public order'. For fear of a second seizure, the accused find themselves unable to reply by pointing out that this is a deliberate distortion of facts.

It is, of course, already public knowledge that the Algerian rebels can be blamed for virtually anything. A good illustration of this was the supposed exchange which took place between Dr Lacour (now in custody) and Commandant Rayon when, as it is now alleged, they were planning the murder of the heir to the Walter millions. When Rayon asked Lacour about what sort of alibi he should fabricate, the latter is said to have replied: 'We'll put it about that the FLN were responsible, and no one will inquire any further'. This was published in all the newspapers, whose readers found Lacour's plan perfectly understandable and realistic. Today, however, the FLN is blamed not only for crimes which do take place but also finds itself saddled with imaginary ones. On the night of 6 April, two police stations in Paris were attacked; but nobody in them was hurt and the element of surprise was suspiciously lacking. The FLN published a statement denying the authorship of these incidents, and citing powerful arguments to prove it. Claude Bourdet's article was merely an attempt to examine, objec-

tively and in detail, these two versions of events.

As it happens, he was not the first to do this; nor was he the only victim of the government's wrath. Odd as it may seem, Maurice Clavel, a Gaullist radio commentator, had done the same thing a few days before. A one-time Communist, Clavel for many years fished in the troubled waters of the French Left (he once aspired to work for *L'Express*) before recently discovering in himself an ardent and uncritical faith in General de Gaulle. Having vastly superior talents to the average Gaullist propagandist, he was given the job of reading political commentaries in the middle of the radio news bulletins. On 13 April he gave a talk on the police-station incidents, advancing as his firm opinion that these were the work of right-wing provocators. Unfortunately for him, the French radio is not disposed to allow a balance – to use the BBC phrase – in its polemics, and following a protest by a deputy from Algeria, M. Clavel now finds that his services are no longer required.

These two incidents illustrate the means by which the French press is being intimidated into silence. And there is no doubt that this silence in now general. When the Algerian government published a report last week, revealing the scandalous state of affairs in the *centres de régroupement*, which house a million Algerians, and giving details of the tragically high infant mortality rate in the camps, the opposition press merely reported the news. They dared not comment.

Westminster

Department of Private Enterprise

The report of the Tribunal of Inquiry about the 'Thurso Boy' justifies the decision of the Lord Advocate, Mr W. R. Milligan, that there was insufficient evidence for a prosecution; but the findings have left the Labour opposition more than ever dissatisfied with the behaviour of Mr J. S. Maclay, the Secretary of State for Scotland.

The Thurso incident happened on 7 December 1957, and a complaint about it was lodged with the police that night. Yet the Secretary of State resisted parliamentary pressure for an inquiry until at last he was overruled by the Prime Minister 15 months after the event. Even when parliamentary feeling began to boil, he still left the handling of the affair in the House to his junior ministers instead of facing criticism himself. The opposition, at any rate, seems likely to press for Maclay's resignation and on this it may receive tacit support from some government backbenchers.

Whatever either side thinks of Maclay, there is virtually unanimous praise for Sir David Robertson, the rugged, and now officially independent, Conservative member for the division in which Thurso lies. Single-handed, and with little help from the press, he forced the incident on the attention of parliament and continued his campaign, with eventual help from colleagues, until the Prime Minister himself was brought in. His has been probably the most effective backbench performance in this parliament.

It is surprising, however, that at a time when the corridors of the House itself and the columns even of serious newspapers echo with talk about the frustrations of ordinary MPs, Sir David's performance by no means stands alone. Not so long ago, Mr Hugh Delargy conducted but a 25-minute blitz on the government and the Speaker: at the end, he had forced the government into giving an assurance that no further arms would be shipped to the dictator Batista in Cuba without the House of Commons being informed. Besides such one-man forays as these, there have been private legislative enterprises, such as those of Mr Roy Jenkins with his Obscene Publications Bill, and Mr Barnett Janner with his bill to prohibit the sale of flick-knives. Jenkins might not have got anywhere but for the outside help of Sir Alan Herbert, whose threat to intervene in the East Harrow by-election was followed, interestingly and immediately, by some liberalisation of the government mind. Now that East Harrow is out of the way, there are signs that the government mind is being de-liberalised again, so that the bill may have its throat cut when it comes up again for report and third reading. But the fact remains that in the long and detailed discussions in committee, Jenkins argued so effectively against the Solicitor General that he was able to win every division that was called. Throughout he had the support of another independent-minded backbencher, Lord Lambton.

Janner's bill was less controversial and less difficult to handle. But even if the House was so generally behind it that only one or two Tories actually voiced objections, the fact still remains that neither government nor official opposition had tackled what has clearly become a serious problem. It was left to a back-bencher to take the lead. It is clear from these examples, from the successive introduction of something like a dozen ten-minute rule bills designed to mitigate the worst excesses of the Rent Act, and Mr Niall Macdermott's bill to give security of tenure to council tenants that, even under the present rigidities of the party system, back-benchers still have plenty of chance to ventilate evils, and sometimes to put them right.

Yet, unhappily, frustration is still there; for in major issues of policy it is increasingly difficult for an individual to act as a member of parliament instead of just a member of a political party. Decisions on such policies are taken, not on the floor of the House, not even in private party meetings upstairs but, increasingly, by a cabal of three or four leaders, who present their view for endorsement and can rely on almost automatic support from a majority. Thereafter any minority is expected to keep public silence out of loyalty to the party – 'you wouldn't be an MP at all, old boy, if it wasn't for the party' – so that an individual's chance of saying in the House what he or his constituents really think on important policy is severely constrained. In view of the pressures, it is not surprising that most individuals give up trying.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street

The Big Battalions

Hard on the heels of the *Mirror-Pictorial* aquisition of Amalgamated Press and Odhams's purchase of Hulton Press, the *News of the World* attempt to purchase Newnes indicates pretty clearly the shape of things to come in Fleet Street. In the world of newspapers, as in the greater world, big powers need satellites to cushion themselves against the possible perils ahead. Odhams of course has always been in the magazine and periodical business. It is here, and in Sunday journalism that its talent lies. The *Herald*, especially since Lord Southwood died, has always been a poor relation; the top people in Long Acre have never really understood daily journalism. Meanwhile they have strengthened the somewhat ageing board of the company by the appointment as vice-chairman of Sir Christopher Chancellor, 54-year-old general manager of Reuters. Chancellor is a brilliant journalistic administrator who deserves a very large part of the credit for the wartime and post-war recovery of that famous world news agency, but he has had no previous experience in actual magazine or newspaper publication. He moves to Odhams early in June and is, it is generally assumed, to be groomed for the top post when the present chairman, Mr A. C. Duncan, retires. (There are two other vice-chairmen, but both of them are getting on in years and one, Mr Surrey Dane, is already semi-retired.) How he will adapt himself to his new surroundings it is too early yet to say. But repercussions of his ambitious and efficient personality on the periodical world – and possibly even on the *Daily Herald* – may be interesting. In any case the appointment is significant of the sensible realisation that in the power struggles ahead the personalities of the commanders may be no less important than the money they can mobilise.

The *Mirror-Pictorial* purchase of Amalgamated Press, and the *News of the World* shot at Newnes, represent the same general trend in publishing interests as the Odhams developments – from a different starting point. Enormously successful in the Daily and Sunday newspaper field, Cecil King and Hugh Cudlipp, the twin deities of Fetter Lane, had not, until they moved into Amalgamated Press, had much experience in magazine publishing. But they clearly felt that the time had come when it would be desirable to spread their interest in what the millions like to read over a wider area – and also, no doubt, that the somewhat moribund Amalgamated Press was urgently in need of an injection of both the talent and the millions that a group such as theirs could provide. Since then they have been mainly concerned in weeding out the dead wood, in closing such AP periodicals as clearly had no future, and in poking into various of the outlying corners of the AP empire that had not been inspected by any of the Imperial Guard for a very long time. Their more creative talents in the periodical world still await demonstration. There are some who believe that, just as it has never been found possible to translate the Odhams touch into daily newspaper publication, so the King-Cudlipp magic may fail of transplantation into magazines. This, I think, is to underestimate the combination.

The reasons that inspired the *News of the World* abortive bid for Newnes are straightforward. Although it is still able to boast the largest sale of any Sunday newspaper in the world, the old well-tried formula which stood it in such good stead for nearly a century and a quarter is beginning to lose some of its pull. Rape each Sunday is not quite the circulation builder it was. The careful objective reporting of adultery, assault and what goes on in public parks still has its public. But it is a diminishing one. Well over a million paying readers have left for the magazine-style pastures, such as those so handsomely provided by the *Sunday Pictorial* and the *People*. Though the money is still coming in very nicely, this was obviously a moment for the *News of the World* to think of spreading its interests. Newnes was the obvious target. Rumours of an impending offer had, in fact, been circulating since the beginning of the year. Under the stimulation of these rumours, Newnes ordinary shares had already risen from 76*s* to 107*s* by the time the *News of the World* takeover bid of 110*s* a share was announced. Though the Newnes directors have, for the moment, halted the take-over, this may not be the end of the story. In Fleet Street's present battle for survival, there is increasingly less room for the smaller battalions.

Francis Williams

THE CARTOONIST'S FAREWELL TO HIS PREY

He was a man, take him all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.—*Hamlet: 1. 2*

SHALL WE HELP MR GAITSKELL?—IV

The Goldfish Bowl Mentality

He was young, he came from Edinburgh, and it was his first Labour Party Conference. Every night he would come over to our hotel at Scarborough and stand in the cocktail bar drinking light ales and watching the mighty ones toss back their martinis. He did not seem to want to do anything else: just to stand and stare. He said that he had tried to persuade some of his friends in the place where he was staying to come over with him, but they were shy. He thought it was a pity, because the only chance they had had of seeing Mr Bevan in his Gogol overcoat and Mr Gaitskell in his light pink silk tie was far away under the arc lights in the conference hall.

As for him, he had had the consolation and the thrill of watching Mr Bevan stride, like Coriolanus in the market place, though the hotel lounge, and Mr Gaitskell had once stood within toga-pulling distance of him talking to the new prospective Liberal candidate for Hereford. At the end of the week he said he had enjoyed it—and he was particularly delighted with Mrs Braddock's well-publicised announcement that next year, although she would be a member of the Executive, she would continue to stay in a boarding-house.

It is easy, of course, to sentimentalise; and one should clearly be on guard against it. All leaders, as officers' manuals are fond of pointing out, must be aloof—even perhaps the leaders of democratic Socialism. But there does seem to be a real danger that the present Labour Party leadership (with one or two notable exceptions like Mr Anthony Greenwood and Mr Richard Crossman) has got itself into a thoroughly goldfish bowl mentality. Round and round they swim, chasing and being chased by the minnows of journalism, pursuing, rather more often than being pursued by, the somewhat larger tadpoles of television. It is certainly true that it is far easier for a journalist, especially from papers like the *Economist* and *The Times*, to claim the companionship of distinguished figures in the Labour movement than it is for the ordinary local party member. Sometimes it almost seems as if a party conference is a combined carnival laid on by the politicians and their accessories, the publicists, at which the party is no more than the crowd on the terraces with a similar function to an audience in a BBC studio.

Perhaps, nowadays, with high-powered channels of communication, that is inevitable. The Labour Party leaders—and this is probably the rub—are almost all professional politicians; their world is centred at Westminster, and round its periphery are the journalistic lunches, the television birthday parties and the expensive entertainment of their opposite numbers from abroad.

To them Lenin's 'serious politics begin where the masses are' would seem a curiously old-fashioned notion. Even Mr Gaitskell, when he goes on tour, does not say with the theatrical bravura of Macmillan that he wishes 'to meet the people'. He merely says 'I want to find out for myself'; and when he has found out he no doubt retires to the heights of Hampstead to think about it in solitude or in the select company of his friends who, being the people they are, are unlikely to be able to contribute anything very useful from their own experience to the problems of being unemployed in a dying town like Gorseinon in South Wales.

It would not probably be worth making a fuss about if the present hierarchy of the party did not try to have it both ways. They, after all—most of them—do the job which is theirs conscientiously and efficiently; Mr Gaitskell may far too often be sent back against the ropes by Mr Macmillan in the Commons, but it usually occurs because he is trying too hard. Watching it happen one does not feel irritated or impatient with him—merely angry that Macmillan should play the game as dirtily as he does. 'Mr Gaitskell has never been, and never will be, able to rise to the level of great events' succeeds only in bringing out in most of us a feeling of disgust, and a wish that once—just once—Mr Gaitskell would step so far out of character as to stoop to Mr Macmillan's level.

The quarrel, then, is not over parliamentary tactics—although 'sitters' like Suez have been missed, and appeals to the umpiring electorate over things like the Rent Act and election cars have been altogether too raucous and strident. The issue—as to the cause of our discontents—should rather be joined over a party leadership that is remote (which is defensible) and restrictionist (which is not). The leaders of the party can easily put up a defence on the charge of keeping themselves to themselves; but what is harder to explain is their tendency, while doing that, to seek to control the thought process of every member, however humble, of the movement. If I were asked to explain why the Labour Party has so signally failed to attract young people of my own age-group (there are 82 members of the university Labour Club at Manchester, 40 at Durham, 21 at Liverpool) the one factor that I should put above all others is the discipline of almost military dimensions that appears to pervade the whole party.

In the past year it seems to have got worse—if only because the official prosecutors of today are, at any rate in two celebrated cases, the independent-minded rebels of yesterday. Mr Desmond Donnelly has only to make a not particularly distinguished deviationist speech on economic policy at the Labour Party conference and the rumour is at once started that he is shortly to cross the floor and join the Tories; an MP, who has since died, puts in motion the publication of a parliamentary novel that is no more than a good railway train read and a member of the National Executive feels called on to write: 'If he had survived to see the earnings of his pen coming to look uncommonly like the 30 pieces of silver, he would have bitterly lamented his success'; and even for starting this series of articles the editor of this journal found himself publicly asked whether he had 'abandoned his life-long support for the Labour Party and decided that Mr Macmillan is a lesser evil than Mr Gaitskell'.

All this, of course, is absurd nonsense—and it is possibly largely the product of frayed election nerves. But it is scarcely surprising that such iron-lung politics should fail to attract young people who on the whole like to breathe politically for themselves. Perhaps, though, most disturbing of all is the way in which some of my contemporaries have acclimatised themselves to the prevailing atmosphere and become the mouth-organs of party authority the moment their adoption in a constituency is satisfactorily concluded. Words like 'disloyalty', 'unhelpful' and (even on one occasion) 'treasonable' become miraculously added to their vocabularies overnight. One of them recently betrayed no sense of shock when I showed him a quotation from Mr Bert Wynn, the area secretary of the NUM in NE Derbyshire. 'Whether Mr Phillips, Mr Castle or anyone else is nominated for this seat,' Mr Wynn had said with the certain confidence that might is right, 'you can take it from me that Mr Mellors (the miners' nominee) will be chosen as the candidate.' 'That's perfectly unexceptionable,' my friend replied; 'the trade unions have their part to play, and they are thoroughly entitled to exercise their strength in places where they have it.'

Within its own structure the Labour Party has always found its heroes in the strong, the tough-skinned and the thick-souled. The gods of the movement are the Ernest Bevins, the Arthur Deakins and the Sam Watsons; the false prophets the George Lansburys, the James Maxtons and the Richard Aclands. When at the party conference of 1935 Ernest Bevin said, 'It is placing the executive and the movement in an absolutely wrong position to be taking your conscience around from body to body asking to be told what to do with it', he spoke for the movement's top-side. And it is perhaps not very difficult to imagine someone up there today (possibly one of those who nobbled Dr Edith Summerskill) addressing a very similar reflection towards those members of the Labour Party who found themselves swelling the mighty flood of the Aldermaston march.

And yet it is at the Labour Party conference (and not that I have seen at any jamboree of Conservatives) that collections are made for the South African Treason Trial Fund; it was the Labour Party (or all but eight members of it) that almost succeeded in blotting out the iniquity of capital punishment from the statute book; and it will (I should guess) be largely the Labour Party that will answer the cry for legal aid in the political trials which must surely take place in Sir Roy Welensky's beloved country of Nyasaland. It is this contradiction between the principles which the party upholds and the present mood within its own structure that strikes some of us as the oddest thing of all.

It is not surprising that in dark moments the Labour Party should be regarded as a kind of public school old boys' club which the heart-and-soulers join, and from which the rest of us are thankful to stay away. Yet abstention is never an answer in politics; and in this case it is a very dangerous evasion indeed. Apart from leading us straight into the everlasting arms of Mr Macmillan, it will make the last state of the Labour Party worse than the first.

It was when the Labour Party was left to its own devices that it made its housing policy into a votive offering to municipal pride. It was when men like Professor Richard Titmuss, Mr Brian Abel-Smith and Mr Peter Townsend went in to help that it produced what is surely to be the next great social advance of our time—the provision of security in old age. And it is just six years since the party's ex-Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations knew what was best for Africa and refused to vote against the forcible imposition of Central African Federation upon an unwilling people. That is the price one pays for keeping out. Either the mood will shape the policy (as it has seemed to do in the past) or the policy can be promulgated in such a way (as it is now being over Nyasaland) that it must of necessity exorcise the mood. The decision one way or the other will be taken by the present dissidents—either by their lurking in the Cave of Adullam or by their going actively to work in the political arena.

Anthony Howard

London Diary

THE Dalai Lama's statement when he arrived at Tezpur does not support the propaganda of either camp. He was not kidnapped but, as he says, came to India of his own free will. He had to escape from Lhasa dressed as an ordinary monk; his followers feared that he would be taken off to Peking where an effort would be made to use his authority for Communist changes. But he has not denied (or confirmed) the authenticity of the correspondence which Peking declares he carried on with the Chinese military commander before his flight from Lhasa. The substance of these letters has never surprised me very much. He has throughout been a reformer who wanted to work, if possible, with the Chinese. The suspicious thing about the letters was their tone. The Incarnation of God would not be expected to write to a Communist general as 'dear Comrade'. It is clear, in any case, that the more militant of his followers were not prepared to accept the compromises which he might have made in order to maintain some remnant of Tibetan independence. The break came when he was unwilling, at China's command, to use his army against the rebelling Khambas. His refusal to go to Peking only confirmed China's suspicions that he was not willing to be a puppet, although he had gone a long way in working with them to bring about reforms in Tibet. He was squeezed between Peking's pressure on the one hand and nationalist fury on the other.

* * *

Willy Brandt, who came to London this week after making his world tour, is something more than a successful mayor. he is the political embodiment of 2,200,000 West Berliners. This makes him a key figure in the Berlin crisis. The West has made it abundantly clear that its first consideration is 'to stand by our friends in West Berlin', and Brandt has rammed the point home with western public opinion in the course of his tour. Hence he now exercises a virtual veto over any Berlin settlement: the West will be unable to sign any agreement which he stigmatises as appeasement. But does that mean that he must necessarily oppose Macmillan's plan to negotiate a new statute for Berlin, under which both a UN contingent and Allied troops would act as 'custodians' of the city's integrity? Though Brandt – like everyone else who lives there – holds inflexible views on Berlin itself, he strongly favours talks on disengagement. Being a practical man, he sees that the most important thing is to get Russian troops removed as far away as possible. These views led recently to a public squabble with Dr Adenauer, only terminated when the old man apologised – for the first time in his life. This is a measure of Brandt's personality and political status. He is a likeable, straightforward man. His anti-Nazi record is second to none. I only hope he uses his influence wisely.

* * *

Catholic doctrine gives seven conditions for a 'just war'. Strangely enough, Popes and bishops have almost always found these conditions fulfilled by their own governments when war began. The enemy, Catholic or not, has always been wicked enough to fight – to quote from two of the accepted conditions – by 'immoral means' and without 'reasonable hope' of achieving good results from victory. In the case of nuclear war these sophistications cannot be maintained by any honest man. One result is a little book of Catholic essays called *Morals and Missiles*, edited by Michael de la Bedouyere. It is a significant proof of the shift of Catholic opinion against nuclear armaments. The contributors, who include well-known Catholic divines as well as Christopher Hollis and Sir Compton Mackenzie, face this dilemma with different degrees of frankness and realism. The most outspoken essay is called *The Unjustifiable War* by E. I. Watkin, who argues that the indiscriminate massacre of the civil population cannot be a moral means of achieving even the justest of war aims. He expresses dismay at the failure of the Papacy to say bluntly that no nuclear war can be just. I can see no possible Catholic answer to his argument. Christopher Hollis makes basically the same point when he says that 'modern weapons have really created quite a new argument for pacifism': nuclear war is unlike past wars, which have been 'to some extent sensible'. Politically minded, he then sidesteps the Catholic answer and asks whether pacifism would make war less likely. But this is not at all the question raised by Christianity which, if it is anything, is a decision to rely on spiritual as opposed to physical force, whatever the consequences. Because I cannot take this view myself I do not call myself any kind of a Christian. I always recall the answer of a famous divine who was told that his teaching of Christianity might have disastrous results. He replied: 'I don't care'. His friend quoted the old proverb: 'Don't care was hanged'. 'Yes', was the reply, 'on a Cross'.

* * *

While Krushchev's personality was being carefully cultivated into a crop of greetings on his 65th birthday, one of his personal friends was on his way to London. Not many people realise that Mikhail Sholokov, the author of *Quiet Flows the Don*, is an intimate of the Soviet leader – a fact which may explain why Sholokov never got into trouble with Stalin though he was known to be critical of the Zhdanov line on cultural matters. Sholokov, like Krushchev, is a Ukrainian, and I'm told that he has a stock of peasant quips and anecdotes on which Krushchev draws freely for his more colourful phrases. A friend who talked to Sholokov in Paris this week reports that he is quite critical of the Union of Soviet Writers – though he is nominally on its executive – and outspoken on the suppression of *Dr Zhivago*. 'It was a mistake to ban it,' he said. 'The leaders of the Writers' Union lost their nerve. It would have been much better to leave Pasternak to his readers, who would have realised that the book was not very good. It is a shapeless mass that ought to have been substantially revised before it was published.' This is a much more adult view than the foolish remarks made by a contributor to the current *Labour Monthly*, who says in one sentence that *Dr Zhivago* was rejected because it was 'a poorly written caricature' and then gives the game away by referring to Pasternak's book as 'a contribution to cold-war propaganda'. At the time of the Pasternak scandal it was clear that someone fairly high up was protecting him from the rough-housing desired by his more sectarian critics. It now seems as if Sholokov may have dropped a word to his friend Nikita on one of those week-ends at the Black Sea.

* * *

No one will be deceived by the Pakistan government's pretence that its object in searching the homes of the proprietor and editor of the *Pakistan Times* was to discover evidence of 'foreign aid'. Mr Iftakharuddin is a rich landowner and his papers have been doing very well – without the aid of the government advertising so conspicuous in other Pakistan newspapers, which take the official line. The government's action was preceded by a special ordinance permitting it to take over the management from its present owners; it had forgotten this possibility when it recently assumed powers to control, censor and dictate news and to suppress newspapers. It has now installed its own nominees to run the group of Progressive Papers Ltd.; there are four of these papers, and they are in fact the only ones in West Pakistan that could possibly be called 'progressive'.

* * *

Many years ago, when there was nothing controversial about being a Fellow of the Zoo, I used to take parties of children there on Sunday mornings. My favourite playmates were some of the smaller boa constrictors, which used to cause great delight by coiling round me, even persistently keeping a coil round my braces at the back, so that the keepers had to discuss whether it would be necessary to remove my trousers. It is a pleasant aspect of the Zoo that very few animals, however lacking in attraction at first sight (the duck-billed platypus was, I think, an exception), lacked some particular friends who would come regularly to feed and pet them. Accompanied by a keeper you could go behind the barrier and feel very brave patting the lions. (The black puma you left severely alone.) Among the less obvious pets were buffaloes; but they too had their special friends. I do not know whether anyone has done the necessary job of psycho-analysing this kindly eccentricity, which I suspect is less peculiarly British than we commonly claim. We are, I suppose, the most thorough of birdwatchers; and that presumably springs from the same impulse. For its most remarkable manifestation you need not go to the Zoo or the Outer Hebrides; you can see it in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Almost every day I see an unobtrusive gentleman feeding the sparrows with bread. At least, it is the sparrows he tries to feed; but to his fury the pigeons, already too fat, insist on sharing the meal. He adopts all the techniques of discriminating feeding that you can see practised by the penguin keepers at the Zoo. Irritably he drops some large bits for the pigeons behind his back and then quickly, before they can turn their heads, gives crumbs to the sparrows in front of him. Sometimes he loses his temper and does little stamping runs to drive off the pigeons, knowing that the sparrows will return an instant or two before the clumsy pigeons get back. It is a pleasant sight which distracts me from the more easily analysed pleasure of watching the netball girls at play.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A couple returned early from their honeymoon yesterday because the cottage where they were staying didn't have a TV set. The 21-year-old husband, John Johnstone, said: 'There was nothing at all to do but eat and sleep'.—*Daily Herald.* (Tom Driberg.)

If you want to safeguard your children against atomic radiation and fall-out, take them to Brighton's sea-front cliffs and let them eat chalk. That was a physicist's advice to 250 people in Brighton last night —*Brighton Evening Argus.* (Wynford Jones.)

Eventually police searched Barrett's home where they found a book in a cupboard called 'The Technique of Sex'. It was an unusual book for a bachelor to have.—*News of the World.* (Ernest Frank.)

George Featherstone walks three miles to work because a robin is nesting under the saddle of his motor-cycle.—*The Daily Telegraph.* (J. Clanchy.)

Soviet Tiny Tots

THE authors of children's books – in the Soviet Union as well as in the West – rarely get their due. Their readers get to love their characters, but never spare a thought for the man who created them. For two generations, Russians have adored 'Doctor Aibolit'; few of them have ever heard of Kornei Tchoukovsky, who wrote the stories. Happily, the latter, after keeping out of the limelight all these years, has now in his old age decided to summarise the experience he has gained in 40 years of writing for children. *From Two to Five* (recently published in the USSR) is neither an autobiography nor an attempt to outline a theory. It is simply a collection of comments, anecdotes and recollections about the way in which small children behave and think.

Children of under five, in the process of learning to talk and discovering the world, do not blindly accept adult explanations of phenomena and the language in which they are expressed. They tend to develop a logic of their own, to which what they are told is submitted for critical examination. There is an infantile 'resistance', for example, to illogicalities of grammar and irregular verbs, while words are classified according to their etymological origins. It seems natural to a Russian child that 'conserves' should be made in 'conservatories'; equally, it is unnatural that their father should be called *Papa* – with a feminine ending. Tchoukovsky writes that he has heard three successive generations of children say: 'You should call yourself *Pape* and not *Papa*, because you are not a woman'.

Children apply the same literal logic to figures of speech. A small girl of five, setting the table, is rebuked by her mother for not laying a fork for one of the guests. The reply: 'But father says he eats like a horse. And a horse doesn't use a fork, does he?' This attitude towards words, writes Tchoukovsky, is the same among all classes: at this age, children do not possess class reactions, and their language reflects common national – rather than social – characteristics. By one means or another, infants pick up their words just as much from outside the family as within it, and they create – or rather re-create – neologisms and expressions whose origin lies in popular folklore.

On the other hand, the evolution of the national language is immediately reflected in the expressions of small children. The most striking example today is the use of technical terms. Tchoukovsky quotes a child of four (the son of a writer, not of an engineer), saying to his mother: 'Mother, today I'm as tired as a 120-volt bulb working on a 220-volt current without a transformer'. It is rare to find a young Muscovite today who does not transpose the words 'stable' and 'garage'.

The social transformations of modern Russia, reflected in the educational system, also find an echo in the language of small infants. Tchoukovsky tells a number of stories about their attitude towards religion. (These are taken, it should be noted, from urban areas, where the process of de-Christianisation is more advanced than in the country.) The writer, Verchanski, was saying one day that, when he was a child, his nurse often took him to church. His five-year-old granddaughter interrupted incredulously: 'Grandad, were you born when God was still alive?' A grandmother tells her grandchild the story of Christ, who was nailed to the cross, rose again, and ascended into heaven. The response of the child was to sigh: 'They should have used vices instead of nails'. A boy of five, describing a visit to church with his nurse: 'Petrovna took me into a very big house where the ladies and gentlemen played at going on their knees and tapping their heads on the floor. Then Petrovna went to the wall at the end and began to sniff a naked gentleman who was stuck to it'.

With the gradual disappearance of the liturgy, some words still used by adults have become totally incomprehensible to small Soviet citizens. 'Paradise', for example. Asked by her children what it meant, a mother tried to explain that it was a place full of oranges, apples and other delicious fruits. One replied: 'I see – a fruit salad'. On the other hand, small children find great difficulty in accepting the atheistic belief that the individual ceases with death. Among themselves, they hold animated discussions on this, and often invent their own theories. One little girl explained to her parents that dead people leave their graves under cover of darkness and begin life under a different name; one evening she saw a drunken man staggering, and said to her mother: 'You see, he's only just got out of his grave and can't walk properly yet'. A boy of four had a different theory: 'Dead people were buried in the same way that seed was sown in the fields. After a time, small men grew out of the graves.'

Tchoukovsky, however, devotes a separate chapter to birth and the origins of the human race. What he calls 'the Darwinian explanation' often produces strange reactions among small children. After hearing it, most of them begin to look for monkeys among their friends and relatives. He quotes the following dialogue between a woman and her grandchild:

> Grandmother, is it true that you were a monkey when you were young and that you were transformed because you had worked so hard?
> *Of course not – I've never been a monkey!*
> Then mother was the monkey?
> *Certainly not.*
> I know, it must be my other grandmother, the one who lives in Moscow. She's the family monkey.

Attempts at kindergarten level to indoctrinate children with other elements of scientific knowledge also produce odd results. A small boy, told at school how he was born, related to his mother afterwards: 'I remember now very well what it was like to live in your womb. I can even tell you, as a secret, that there are other little boys there. One of them was so nice, and gave me such a nice tea, that I almost decided to stay with him instead of being born'. The mixture of traditional doctrine, supplied by parents, and scientific sex instruction, supplied by schools, often leave the children in a state of confusion. Tchoukovsky quotes an exchange between two boys of four:

> My mother has gone to Moscow to buy me a little sister.
> *Silly – it's only in America that people buy children. Here, they come out of the womb.*
> That's untrue. In America, children are made by monkeys.

America, the distant incarnation of the capitalist world, occupies a prominent place in the demonology of Soviet tiny tots. A kindergarten mistress explains: 'When it's daylight here, it's night in America'. A child interjects: 'Serve them right for being capitalists'. Children who lose their tempers have been heard to exclaim: 'You are a Wall Street mother'. A child, told about the existence of polar bears, asks: 'White bears? You mean sort of bourgeois bears?'

Yet many of the reactions of small children, as they begin to explore life, are the same in all countries. Tchoukovsky compared his observations with those of western writers and concludes that the essential psychology of a small child does not vary. In Russia, as elsewhere, a child will try to persuade its mother to go and get an ice-cream on the grounds that the walk will do her good, or invent imaginary younger brothers to blame for faults he has committed. The frankness with which Tchoukovsky recognises this, as well as his implied criticism of some Soviet methods of education, make his book another sign of a continuous 'unfreezing' of thought in Russia.

Indeed, he tells us, in passing, that his passion for children was not understood by the authorities 'in the recent past'. At one time, he was forbidden to read stories in a children's hospital because the superintendent laid down that 'Soviet children should live in a world of realities – not of fiction and fantasy'. He was even criticised for translating stories from Greek mythology, and for writing others which presented in a sympathetic light such 'anti-social' animals as wolves and bears. As he points out in his book, this intolerance springs from ignorance of Marxist dialectic, for it assumes that the head of a tiny child is a sort of drawer in which information and beliefs can be deposited and remain unchanged all its life.

Fortunately, he concludes, this doctrinal intolerance is disappearing. Today, Soviet primary education is largely empirical, based on practical study of children's reactions. He regards this as of great importance, since he believes that the period between two and five is crucial in a child's development. In support, he quotes Tolstoy: 'Between the age of five and my old age, I feel I took only a single step; between my age today and my birth, an entire world was formed'.

K. S. KAROL

Ideas for Africa

LIKE the rainy-season rivers of this unforgettable land, the floods of political debate in West Africa have risen with speed and power after the long season of colonial drought; and no sign appears of their subsiding for many a long day. Anyone who perches on the bank, as it were, can only wonder at the variety and wealth of political phenomena as they rush and scurry past. From Brazzaville on the lower reaches of the Congo river to Dakar on the coast of Africa's far western bulge, there are no fewer than 21 prime ministers of varying importance and degree; and nine of these are the leaders of independent or nearly independent governments. Two large countries and one small one will next year join Ghana, Guinea, and Liberia as sovereign states. The four territories of French Equatorial, having turned themselves into autonomous republics, have proclaimed a customs union. Two of the territories of former French West Africa, having done the same, have proclaimed a federation. A little farther south even the Belgians have had to see the light. The late M. Barthélèmy Boganda, Prime Minister of the Central African Republic (Oubangui-Shari, not Rhodesia), saw the vision of a United States of Latin Africa a few weeks before his unhappy death in an air crash. And a tribal war has occurred in the Middle Congo.

The quantity leaves nothing to be desired. No one but the employees of Lord Beaverbrook should any longer have the face to say that Africans don't care about politics. Reality tells another story. But the quality? 'In Ghana,' declared the *Evening Standard* the other day, '"freedom" has become a charter for Dr Nkrumah to imprison his political opponents, deprive them of their seats in parliament, hold them without trial for years and eventually to hale them before

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judges of his own appointment.' Never having lifted an editorial finger in the cause of political freedom for Africa, the *Evening Standard* only makes itself ridiculous, of course, when it lifts and points one now.

But the fact remains that many liberal-minded people in Britain evidently begin to feel that Ghana today is a good deal less admirable than it was a couple of years ago, when its flag was first run up. And if the ceding of political rights is to be followed – as in the French Congo – by the use of spears, or – as in the Ivory Coast – by the massive harrying of immigrant neighbours, or – as in Ghana – by the passing of repressive legislation, then may there not be some truth after all in the old argument for 'a longer period of trusteeship'? I do not personally think there is; but the point certainly needs discussion.

A good deal of current criticism can be set aside as ill-informed, malicious, or merely silly; and there is in any case no more obligation on Africans to turn into angels of light, when given a chance to run their own affairs, than on anyone else. The seat of this kind of criticism rests in the same attitude of racialist contempt and political reaction – finding it convenient, now, to discover that Africans are naturally 'undemocratic' – as that which caused a Portuguese writer, in 1837, to discover with shocked surprise that Africans were naturally 'democratic'. These heathen, he remarked, anticipating the spirit of the Beaverbrook press by rather more than a hundred years, 'mix with the infamous humiliations of the orientals, the unbridled coarseness of the English people at election time in England. The kings defer to and flatter their counsellors: these are they who elevate a king to the throne, and cast him down again'.

There will remain, for Socialists and Liberals, a number of doubts. The fulfilment, now and then, seems to fall short of the promise much further than it should – even when there is due allowance for human frailty and the joyous love of fleshpots. Why should this or that African minister be content – at this early stage of African emancipation – to pocket a fat bribe in return for foisting a phony contract on the citizens he is supposed to govern better than they were governed before? Why isn't the spirit of political struggle for emancipation – at this early stage – strong enough to enable this or that other minister to forgo high living and fortune-building?

The reasons for asking such questions are various and many. Everyone who knows West Africa will agree with that, even when the libel laws dissuade him from saying so. But how important are these reasons? Are they peculiar to Africans, or merely to a phase in social and political growth? It may be useful to examine these questions not only in order to justify once again the general policy of ending colonial rule in the immediate future; but also to fortify ourselves against setbacks in Africa – and, perhaps not less important, to see what function may remain for outside criticism, and where it may be best applied.

Power in British and French West Africa is generally handed over, for one strong reason or another, to those who will exercise it in the interests of a 'national bourgeoisie'. The term, of course, remains open to wild misinterpretation by anyone who supposes it to mean that a thriving middle-class, or capitalist class, now rules, or may shortly rule, this or that emancipated African country. There are precious few investors, and almost no shareholders, in West Africa. Yet it remains true, in most of these countries, that the *beati possidentes* of today are those who will run the government of tomorrow. Self-government or independence transfers power from the middle-class of Europe to the middle-class of Africa; and there, in that rarefied milieu, a handful of men suddenly find themselves competing with one another for the fruits of office – wonderful fruits of office in a continent as starved as Africa; and divided from the plebs, meanwhile, by a gulf which is much wider than the gulf which separates them from their previous governors in Europe. The results may be exceedingly convenient to investors in London and elsewhere (though many such investors have even yet to understand this); but indifferently helpful to social progress.

Could it be otherwise? 'There is no one else to exercise power.' Perhaps not: the conceding of power has in any case gone hand-in-hand with repression or discouragement of every Socialist or revolutionary trend of thought. Yet ideas persist. What is remarkable in the barricaded Belgian Congo, for example, is not that a conservative tribalism should now assert itself but that so many Congolese leaders should have somehow jumped the ideological barriers of colonial rule – and understood the need for Congo unity as well as for Congo independence. What is remarkable in British Africa, in the same way, is not that the idea of the nation-state should root itself there but that so many nationalists should have understood the liberating power of this idea to be already, through these years, of limited or little value. Their horizons widen. And it becomes more and more obvious that in this emergent Africa, with so little done and so much to do, it is the ideas men have which will count for most. Here, nothing is settled yet: nothing yet is entrenched routine: nothing is a familiar party battle. Meanwhile, in most of these countries, a handful of men wield power and sometimes do the best they can.

And the flood moves on. Nothing is settled: but nothing is static either. Masses of people become aware of politics where before they were content with personalities; and politics in West Africa—as elsewhere in Africa – develop increasingly at two levels. At one level they take their drive and impulse from the twin ideas of independence and unity. At another level they are occupied with the domestic and often dreary conflict between governing groups and popular pressures. The drama of the coming decade, now that independence is acquired or about to be acquired, will be the drama of the many against the few: the many who are moving into politics, party politics and ideological politics, for the first time in history, against the few who have led them there but show themselves incapable of leading any further.

At this or that point the conflict may be delayed or by-passed altogether: in Ghana, to the extent that the Convention People's Party can remain a genuinely popular party: in Guinea, to the extent that the Parti Démocratique Guinéenne can do the same: elsewhere, to the extent that national congresses can transform themselves into mass political parties after independence. But generally there will be a process of political growth towards parties which are based not on chiefly or semi-feudal or minority prestige and pelf, but on the defence and advancement of popular causes – and in the course of this growth there will be tough and turbulent struggles. To expect anything else, of course, would be to expect Africans to be sub-human or super-human.

Given this background, criticism by Socialists and other well-wishers in Europe will be useful on two conditions: those who criticise should be clearly on the side of African emancipation, and they should make their criticism with at least a general understanding of the facts. For the facts are misleadingly various. In Ghana at the moment a government based on democracy is busy shaving the chiefs of power and privilege: in Northern Nigeria, by contrast, an emirate system based on autocracy has just received the parliamentary sanction of self-government, and may soon be expected to set about shaving democrats of their pretensions to equality. Undiscriminating criticism of 'repression' or 'disorder' becomes, in this situation, simply idiotic.

Constructive criticism will be useful. Even more useful in the long run, perhaps, will be the circulation of ideas: of the ideas, primarily, by which the rest of the world tries to run itself. A great strength of the present leaders of Guinea, one may argue, is that they have not only understood how capitalists explain the world, but also how Socialists explain it: they have taken much from the revolutionary traditions of republican France. These traditions of vigorous political speculation and dissent have not been available to British Africa; but the Labour movement can and should begin to make this good.

It will not be enough, in short, for the Labour movement to carry on with its good work of promoting the peaceful transfer of power to Africans. It will be important, over and beyond this, to revive and carry forward the work of promoting genuine trade unions; of propagating actively the ideas and policies of Socialism; of generally taking care, as far as possible, that colonial regimes should not be concentrating merely on the job of handing over power to 'good boys' whose ambitions, understandably, may be satisfied with a long motor car and a ministerial mansion. To put it more widely, the great and practical task of the Left in Europe, after support for independence, is to promote between themselves and Africans the maximum amount of argument, discussion, and debate.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Come Away, Come Away

IT was a very old bicycle with more than a hint of *miserere* in its poor warped saddle, and it had been slung up in the rafters of the barn since before the Abdication. 'If you take the bicycle,' my cousin had said, 'you will see everything. It is quite the best way to go about the county looking for old cottages in which to write,' he had said. People had always done it that way before they became effete, owing to the Welfare State. Lascelles Abercrombie was certain to have done it, he thought. And Ernest Rhys had actually *walked*. He raked around and found me two green celluloid bicycle clips and then he went out into the drive to rub some more polish on his Renault *Dauphine*. 'Cheerio!' he shouted.

The bicycle took me through a number of silent villages littered with bun-faced youths in jeans and bun-faced old men in chicken-runs. There was washing on every line because it was Monday. It was very drab and grey, and the sky was only about ten feet up, which is uncanny for East Anglia, and the birds hardly sang. I rode through a meticulous state forest, full of besoms and admonitions about cigarettes and threats and gloom, and I came out on to that sad, narrow track which the Romans had made so that they could rush down to the Saxon Shore when it was necessary, which it very frequently was. This was the road to Dunwich and my spirits hit a new low when the bicycle began to hurry along it, as you need good

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weather and a stout heart to cope with Dunwich at the best of times. Next to Culloden it is the most melancholy place in Britain, and if you wrote a novel there it would have to be a short one if you hoped to see the proofs through before you hanged yourself.

Because Dunwich is drowned. Not deliciously drowned like Lemuria and Atlantis and Lyonesse, lovely lands so immersed in the imagination that a vision of them fountains up in the mind of coral gardens and fields of waving seagrass and shelly cities and very pearly populations; but drowned rather messily like a person who has left his braces on the bank and his toe-prints in the mud. Lemuria, Atlantis and Lyonesse have achieved an aquatic immortality. Dunwich remains the scene of an unfortunate historical splash. Here was a great medieval city full of palaces and churches, with a rich bishop and a big harbour full of ships and a wonderful book belonging to St Felix and a lot of correspondence about falcons from King John. And what is there now? A huddle of cottages, a pub and a gothic arch as gaunt as a sucked wishbone. All the rest is in the North Sea, except St Felix's book, which was cut up for game-labels by a Low-church squire about eighty years ago.

I went into the pub to inquire about the cottage position because my cousin said, always do this; if they don't know nobody will. Though privately I knew I wouldn't take a cottage in Dunwich if it had ceilings by Old Crome. There were two people in the pub, a very tall landlady and a very small man. They conversed chiefly in significant glances, which is unnerving when you have been accustomed to words. Because of the discrepancy in their heights the glances had to travel along a gradient of about one in six. 'A cottage?' they each said. He looked me up and she looked me down. 'A writer . . . ,' they said, and the terrifying looks scuttled between them, the dwarf swaying daintily on his miniature legs the while. I ate some beef sandwiches and said, please don't bother, and they both looked much happier and I could see that they didn't like to be worried or bothered about anything. When I left, the landlady called out, 'Don't forget your clips!' and we all laughed noisily, because she had remarked earlier, 'If you can't have a good old laugh you might as well be dead'.

I propped the bicycle against a 1940 invasion block and climbed up the desiccated headland off which Dunwich had mostly slipped. When I got to the top I put my jacket down near the edge and sprawling on the soft needle grass I saw, about three feet down the cliff face, what most people would take to be a prickly seam of saffron-coloured sticks protruding from the sand. These are the 18th-century citizens of Dunwich falling out of their graves into the sea. Forty feet below, delicate amongst the clinking shingle, there are a great many fragments of these Georgian people, and it is hardly the spot to rub one's arms with sun-tan oil and eat ice-cream, though many do. From where I lay I could see a long band of nobbly femurs and tibiae, and rib baskets sieving the sand, all the palest yellow in the grim dun daylight. On the beach, too, were some gobbets of architecture and they were All Saints' Church, the latest building to go. The waves seethed over the fallen quoins and traceries, licking away their identity, and soon no one, not even Professor Pevsner, would be able to tell whether they were Perp or Dec. The gaping mouths of the gargoyles were choking with water and the flints fell out of the mortar on to the beach from which they had been collected half a millennium ago.

I thought I wouldn't look any longer at this because, as such things did to Dr Johnson, it reminded me of the time of my own dissolution. So I got to my feet and strolled along to the tumulus, but when I got there I found that the erosion had begun on it and the end of it had fallen off into the sea, and it seemed strange that this Jutish prince, or whatever he was, should be dribbling back into the waves he had crossed so long ago. I was thinking of this, and also of how Walter de la Mare had kept a skull from Dunwich in a biscuit tin, which a friend of his told me he did, when the birdwatcher approached. Suffolk is full of birdwatchers and people who live there try not to mind them, and usually they can be relied upon not to engage one in conversation. But this one I saw was in great need of conversation. He was stout and stealthy, and his birdwatching glasses bounced against his navel. 'Ahoy!' he called and waved a hand, on the back of which hair sprouted as densely as cress on flannel. He puffed up and told me the latest about redwings. I told him about the bones and the Jutish prince and how salutary it all was.

He listened carefully and then said: 'My dear young friend, *look up*! I have been to Dunwich since 1927 and *I* have never seen bones. I have seen avocets. Put your trust in your Heavenly Father.' He nipped my bicep and said, 'Make the decision now – tomorrow may be too late.' Then he felt in his pocket and found a little pamphlet called *Now is the Hour*, with a picture of a youth hurrying away from a palais-de-danse with tears in his eyes, which he gave me. When he had gone I sat on the tumulus and listened to the blackthorn creaking and watched a porpoise doing oily somersaults in the complacent sea.

I thought of all the Dunwich people who had left their names behind and nothing else, Clipsby Gaudy and Bishop Boza, Dame Bert and Earl Ulfketull, Nicholas Cudden who wanted a dirge sung for him forever, and Dame Hawise who wanted her heart buried in an urn. And of all the Knights Templar sitting in a ring in their round church and being too fond of each other by half, and of Edward FitzGerald, who wasn't actually Dunwich but came here whenever he could, sometimes with Charlie Keene from *Punch*, sitting on the tumulus where I was sitting now. And that they were all, except for the last two, with their houses and chattels and chantries, in the North Sea, mixed up with the Yarmouth herrings and bits of Dorniers.

As I walked back to the bicycle I saw the birdwatcher with his back to a tombstone. He was dozing. The glasses rose and fell on his belly. And at that very moment a huge excited dog came hustling through the blackberry clumps. It leapt on the birdwatcher and licked him heartily. At what point in his dream that hot, wet tongue entered the birdwatcher's subconscious I shall never know. His horror was very real. With a choking cry he rolled to his feet and fled paunchily. I wanted to shout to him, 'Look up' – and then he would have seen that the nightmare was a mongrel – but no words came.

When I got home I told my cousin that I had looked for a cottage in Dunwich. He flashed me a rare look of respect. 'Good chap,' he said. 'I knew you'd got your head screwed on. You'll love Dunwich. Jolly little spot and no damn trippers.'

RONALD BLYTHE

Michelangelo for breakfast

MARK TWAIN's words. "A man does not want Michelangelo for breakfast." Nor even on a Roman holiday. And what *do* men of letters want for breakfast? Inexplicably, the subject is a closed book to literary researchers. Why, we don't even know what porridge had John Keats. We can only hope that garret life was sweetened for young genius by daily bread. Certainly no penny-a-liner could get better value for his pennies. For bread is a food. A fine food. Prodigiously good for prodigies. Good for all of us, in fact. For bread alone could supply 75% of the energy we burn up each day.

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1. *Medical Research Council Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O., 1954.*
2. *Report of the Panel on Composition and Nutritive value of Flour, published by H.M.S.O., 1956.*

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The Arts and Entertainment

My Fair Helena

MR TYRONE GUTHRIE'S Stratford production of *All's Well That Ends Well* is about as perfect as we are likely to see. At first this seems improbable: Mr Guthrie staged it in Edwardian dress, and in principle the shades of *My Fair Lady* have little to do with the most serious of Shakespeare's early comedies. The poor bard, I thought, is going to be sacrificed once again to the Bright Idea. But not at all. The play translates perfectly: Shakespeare's courtliness becomes boiled-shirt formality; the renaissance men of honour are 'gentlemen', those without it cads; even the religious overtones come easily, thanks to Mr Guthrie's and his cast's extraordinary control over the tone; and the military horseplay becomes, almost incredibly, funny. Mr Guthrie, in fact, has had two bright ideas: the second is to turn the lumbering comedy of the war in Florence into a kind of Edwardian Army Game. The officers drink their light ale and are bored; the other ranks slouch around, scratch themselves and get at their superiors. At first the producer seems deliberately to be overdoing it, yet, by some miracle Elizabethan braggadocio becomes common or garden bull, and the jokes, for perhaps the first time since Shakespeare's day, are jokes. Every other detail of the production is worked out with the same care and invention. Helena chooses her husband in a beautifully elegant dance, the court orchestra tinkling in the background. She travels panoplied in veils and surrounded by wicker baskets through melancholy Edwardian stations. The reconciliation scene moves effortlessly from near-farce to the deepest seriousness. Mr Guthrie's invention is infinite. But, unlike Mr Richardson's in *Othello*, it is all at the service of the play. And it is matched at every point by Miss Tanya Moiseiwitsch's sets.

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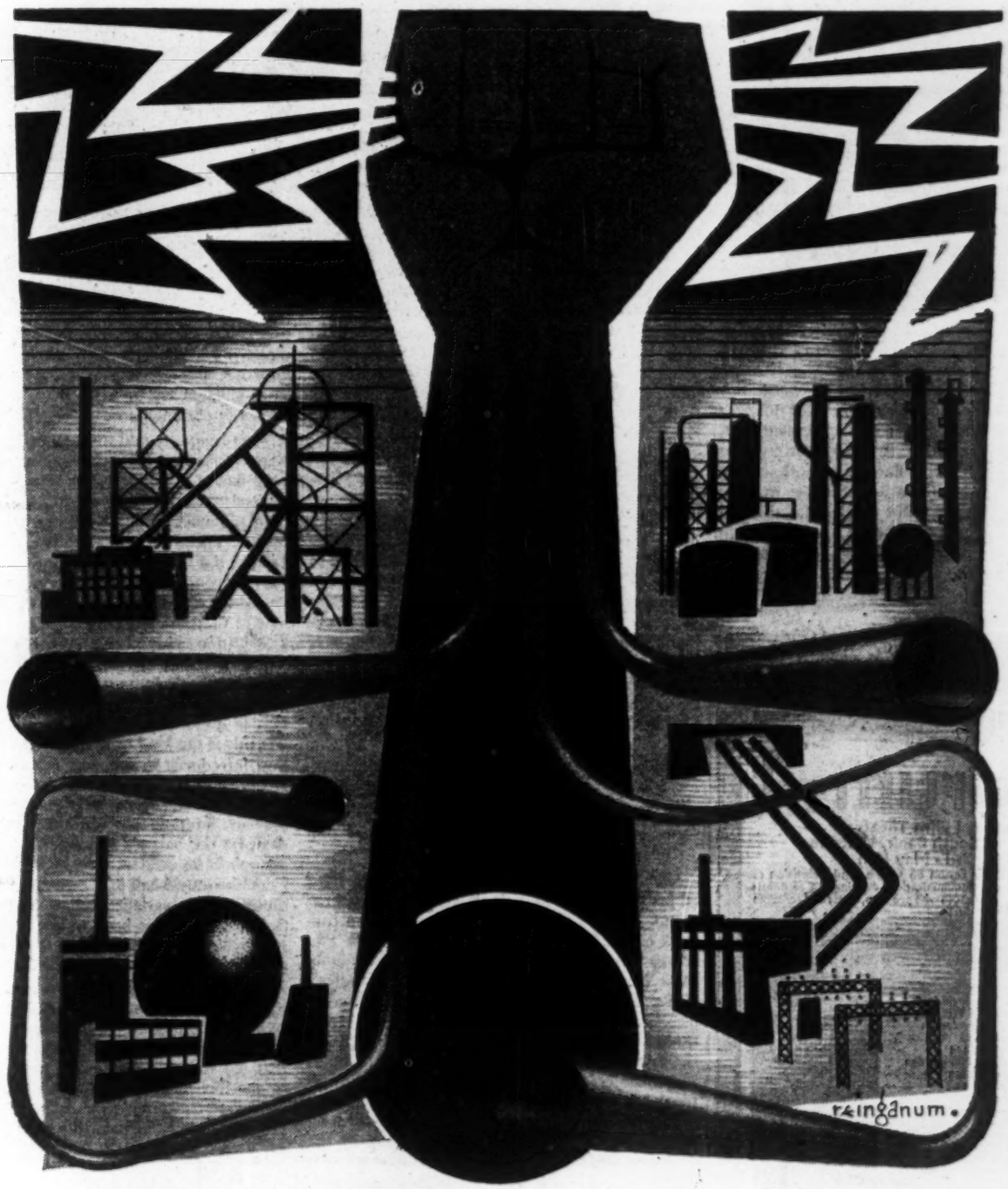

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It is also matched by some superlative acting. Regretfully, I can only pick out the best of a remarkable bunch. Dame Edith Evans had not only all the dignity and wonderful range of expression you expect of her, she also resisted not by the temptation to act everyone else off the stage, though the amount she made of the rather unpromising part was in its way a miracle. Mr Cyril Luckham played Parolles with full Terry-Thomas vulgarity, yet deepened the role, after his unmasking, into a kind of proto-Falstaff. Robert Hardy, as the King, balanced strength with pettishness, bottom-slapping with command. Priscilla Morgan turned Diana into a full-scale comic creation, not so virtuous perhaps as Shakespeare intended, but warmer and splendidly vulnerable. Angela Baddeley, as her trinketed old mum, was too fidgety at first, but her final hobble across the stage, as she collected her scattered dignity about her, was a minor triumph. The major triumph, however, was Miss Zoe Caldwell. It has become so much the fashion to speak Shakespeare as though his poetry were something extraneous to the play, merely unnecessary ornament, that Miss Caldwell's performance was doubly remarkable. She can speak verse not only as though she both means and understands it, but in such a way that it seems perfectly to express all the subtlety, flow and depth of her feelings. Perhaps her intensity made her wail too much at the beginning, but by the end she had transformed Helena, against all the odds, into one of the most moving of Shakespeare's heroines. On this showing she has the emotional range and intelligence to make her the finest Shakespearean actress of her generation.

The most original idea in *Gilt and Gingerbread* (Duke of York's Theatre) is over in the first minute. 'The scene', says the programme, 'is the drawing-room in the house of Mr and Mrs Charles Yeyder in Regents Park, London'; the time, believe it or not, is 'an afternoon in May'. The curtain duly rises on some plush Stockbroker's Regency and the telephone ringing. Of course. A maid comes in to answer it. Again, of course. But she doesn't. She merely stares at it in horror and backs slowly away. She can't speak English. Unfortunately, Mr Lionel Hale, the author, throws his punch in these opening moments. What follows is absolutely conventional drawing-room nonsense. At first, in fact, it seems that we are in for another version of *Le Dindon*: a strange man follows a smart woman into her drawing-room. But, after all, this is Britain, so the scene changes at once from adultery to hard cash, though a little free worldly wisdom on the subject of affairs is dispensed between the bouts of finance. Mr John Clements loses and recovers his fortune. Miss Kay Hammond is unsuccessfully tempted from wedlock by Hugh Sinclair. Bailiffs move in with some heavy 'cockney' humour. Miss Hammond faces financial ruin by cutting down breakfast by three courses. Admittedly, Mr Clements has his agonising reappraisal: 'I'm not good old Charles. I'm not bad old Charles. I'm just average old Charles'—this proclaimed with a growing beatific smile. Finally, he blacks Miss Hammond's eye and they live happily ever after. Of course. Of course. Of course.

But the acting is disproportionately good: Hugh Sinclair, Richard Briers, Walter Fitz-Gerald and Eileen Peel are polished, adroit and assured. As for Miss Hammond and Mr Clements, they are probably the smoothest actors of socialite parts on the stage today. Miss Hammond's queer, gargling voice is as cajoling as ever, and Mr Clements still blends his sophistication with a kind of young creature's winsomeness, like an infinitely well-bred school prefect. Within their limits of moneyed charm they could not be better. But alas, those limits.

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West End Strauss

Die Fledermaus is more than a compendium of inspired trivialities. Without being very profound, it has something of the mystery of a true work of art. Thus it stands some way above *The Merry Widow* and a long way below *Il Seraglio*. Miss Wendy Toye's new production for Sadler's Wells follows on from the same company's commercially successful production of *The Merry Widow*. Once again Mr Christopher Hassall makes the English adaptation, and everything is as smart and new-looking as a hired dinner-jacket. A revolving stage, opulent sets, and the necessary luxury of alternating casts are there to distract any envious glances which might turn in the direction of Drury Lane.

The Wells's entry into the field of operetta is laudable on both artistic and practical grounds, and it would be the merest snobbery to begrudge them a genuine success. The applause at the first night of *Die Fledermaus* seems to indicate that success, of the more tangible kind, is assured. But despite the aggressive costliness of the production, success has perhaps been bought cheap, and in the process *Die Fledermaus* itself seems to have been devalued.

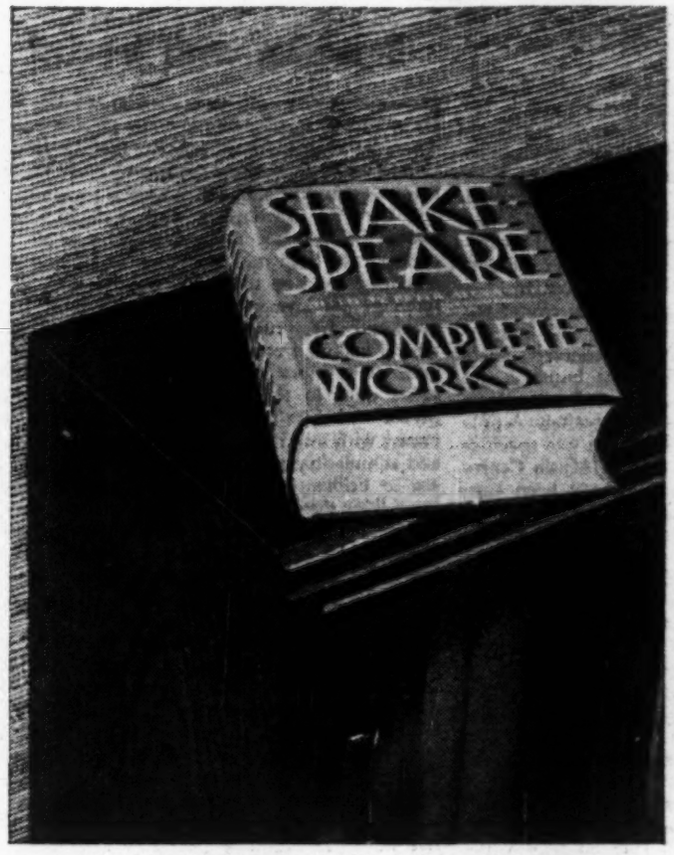
Oddly enough, the musical shortcomings of the new production seem of secondary importance. Music cannot be the governing factor in a transaction of this kind. Apart from the purely technical inadequacies, which one hopes will diminish as the two casts settle down, there is nothing wrong with the musical performance that would not right itself in the proper context. Only musicians of inordinate dullness could fail to give a certain lilt to Strauss's music. The fact that the Coliseum performance does no more than that, is largely due to the faulty tempo and over-fussy texture of the stage action. Miss Toye seems to think that the physical imitation of musical movement contributes to the effect of the music. She constructs an elaborate pantomime to the latter part of the Overture, synchronising, for instance, a knock at a door with a rhythmic figure in the music. It is all quite unnecessary. It merely established a meaningless symmetry with the successful new setting for the end of the operetta.

A work like *Die Fledermaus* can only suffer from the introduction of irrelevancies, however appealing to the audience. The anti-musical mimicry of the Overture is typical. When the famous *dolce cantabile* phrase of Alfred's drinking song recurs during the arrest scene of the first finale, the prison governor's three uniformed minions are made to sway in time to it. The eye does not aid the ear. The same happens when three gallants are brought in to 'liven up' Rosalinda's important Csárdás solo in the second act.

The dramatic, and consequently the musical, characterisation throughout the production is very banal. It is true that most of the leading figures in the operetta are mere silhouettes, but even silhouettes can have sharpness and delicacy of line. There are, however, two elements which call for the most rounded imaginative treatment, for they control the whole movement of the work, its light and shade and its human comment. The first of these is 'King Champagne'—the motif of intoxication. This motif requires the utmost lightness and variety of treatment. It is too pervasive, even in the music, to need emphasis. The coarse and meaningless non-comedy of fuddled inebriation is quite foreign to the spirit of the work. Yet this is the kind of humour which the production introduces in the first act, develops in the second, and shamelessly exploits in the third. The opening of the prison scene is made the occasion for an interminable drunken charade which destroys the balance of an act that is precarious enough in its original form—all for the sake of a primitive music-hall joke repeated at least a dozen times without variation. How much more dignified it would have been if there had been some suggestion of human feeling, a few moments of real observation, and a purposeful brevity!

Even had Strauss given the operetta some such title as 'King Champagne'—and the idea is not new—this treatment would have been distressing. But it is called 'The Bat' for the very good reason that the action is dominated, not by high society or the foolish Eisenstein and his womenfolk but by the strangely equivocal figure of Doctor Falke. His brief sortie in bat's disguise is symbolic of an unexpectedly dark streak in his character. The darkness is expressed in terms of comedy, but it is nonetheless real. Doctor Falke's revenge for a harmless prank is peculiarly crafty and dangerous. Within the modest bounds of Strauss's comedy, Doctor Falke can be a Leporello, but he must also have something of Iago and Nick Shadow. The bat hovers a trifle fearsomely over the last act, until the illusion is dispelled by the Champagne. But in the Wells production there is no illusion. The Falke is as lacking in shade as is the Osmin in the Wells's *Seraglio*. He is just a blandly conventional Master of Ceremonies who serves the machinery of the plot well enough, but fails to contribute anything of substance or atmosphere. In that, he is typical of the production as a whole. Success deserves stronger roots.

DAVID DREW



The Taming of the Shrew

The First Folio doesn't specifically mention what sent Dear Kate down the shrewish path, so to speak, but no doubt the fault lay in her father. A modern psychiatrist would have quickly discovered that she spent her formative years falling over books that her parent had carelessly strewn about. Books, like women, are best when housed in elegance. Keep your wife unshrewish, and indulgent about your reading habits. Put your books in a sturdy Minty bookcase that can *grow* with your library. Your wife will like your Minty bookcase; she'll approve of its traditional yet always contemporary lines; she'll admire its heavy, sliding glass doors that protect your books from dust and herself from dust-fever. Her desire to play Hamlet with your library will dissolve into sweet reasonableness—and that by St. George & Merrie England, is as you like it.

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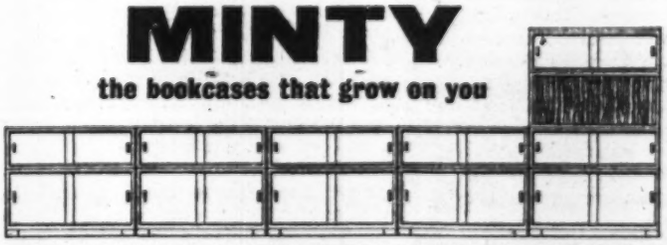

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Room for the Arts

FOUR years ago the Committee to consider a New Queen's Hall, in reporting to the government, included a recommendation 'that a survey of the cultural building needs of London and the whole country be made'. Six months later, the government, rather surprisingly in view of their parsimonious attitude towards the arts, accepted the recommendation and invited the Arts Council to undertake the survey. To some of us it appeared like an invitation to the cat to order cream from the dairy.

The Council has now published its first report, *Housing the Arts*, covering London, Wales and Scotland. Separate committees were set up for England, Scotland and Wales, and a further report covering the needs of the provinces is promised later in the year. The demands of Scotland, as set out here, appear modest in the extreme, while those of Wales are by comparison extensive. But it is with the recommendations for London that we are chiefly concerned, and here the report is disappointingly faint-hearted.

We are given a valuable summary of the buildings demolished by bombs and by property speculators, or diverted to such uses as television studios, and of replacements, which have been disturbingly few. Thus London has lost within the last twenty years one large and two smaller concert halls, and has gained the Royal Festival Hall. We have lost fifteen theatres in the West End alone, ranging from the Stoll and the Gaiety to the St James's and the Little, and more are threatened. One bombed theatre is being rebuilt and one small theatre is under construction. At a time when interest in music and the drama is more widespread than ever before, London is far worse provided with accommodation for them than it was twenty years ago.

What action is proposed by the Arts Council to meet the situation? Their first priority is the construction of a National Theatre on the South Bank, for which the Labour Government set aside £1 million in 1949. In the ten years since then the sum required to carry out the existing plans has risen to nearly £2 million. Instead of boldly asking for this increased sum the Council recommend scaling down to bring the cost in the first instance within the original million pounds.

They appear content that a capital city of the size of London should possess only one hall designed and suitable for orchestral concerts. Their second priority is directed to the building, not of another large concert-hall, but of a medium-sized hall for chamber-music and recitals. A project on which the Council's opinion was specifically requested was the plan for a Music Centre in Regent's Park which had already been supported by the Gorell Committee of 1947 and the New Queen's Hall Committee. While not utterly rejecting the scheme, their support is so lukewarm that the Crown Estate Commissioners have, with Government approval, now allocated to the Royal College of Physicians the site earmarked for the Music Centre. The third and last proposal to which the Report accords priority is the construction of a gallery for temporary exhibitions of the kind that now have to occupy much-needed wall-space at the Tate Gallery and elsewhere.

The Report contains no serious discussion as to the desirability of providing for London a large modern Opera house such as Hamburg, Cologne, and Vienna are fortunate to possess. Instead of considering whether Sadler's Wells opera might not move into Covent Garden, and Covent Garden into a new and larger opera house, the Report tentatively explores the possibility of building a new home for Sadler's Wells, only to dismiss the idea as of no urgency and unworthy of any priority. It does recommend, however, the acquisition by the State of Covent Garden, now held on lease until 1991, on grounds which seem justified by financial considerations alone.

Few will deny the need for the three buildings to which the Report gives its blessing. Disappointment lies in a sense of opportunity missed, an opportunity to plan ahead for a London which would be a worthy cultural centre of the Commonwealth. Demand for leisure facilities, especially in the arts, is growing, and with the provision of more amenities will grow faster. This is not the occasion to put forward plans designed to meet only the minimum needs of the moment. No doubt fear of charges of extravagance led the Arts Council deliberately to set their sights low. This is always a bad policy when making demands upon government. It is particularly unfortunate at a time when both political parties are loosening up in their approach to the arts. The National Executive is preparing a document setting out Labour's policy on the arts, based upon a recognition of the increasing role the State must play as patron. This policy, capital expenditure apart, will involve increased spending of some millions a year. The capital cost of the proposals contained in *Housing the Arts* would be, we are told, no more than a million pounds a year for ten years. In London at least the arts would still be inadequately housed at the end of that period. We must hope that the Council do better for the provinces, where the needs are greater still.

KENNETH ROBINSON

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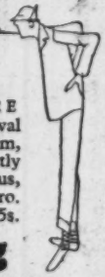

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HEINEMANN

Breakfast with Jezebel

ON some days I wake to the sound of radio and go to bed to it, too; and at both times there is apt to be a good deal of religion (widely diverse in ethos and dogma) on the air. I don't always listen to that 6.50 a.m. and 7.50 a.m. programme, *Lift Up Your Hearts*, and when I do it doesn't always lift up mine: some of the parsons are too parsonic (or have mistimed their script and put a sudden spurt on to finish before the weather), some of the laymen are too earnestly man-to-man, and rather fundamentalist in tone. But last week I had an agreeable shock: it was done each morning by Mary Stocks, whom I hadn't thought of as quite in that *galère*. I occasionally find myself with Mrs Stocks in *Any Questions?*, and always with mixed feelings. (She is an enchanting and stimulating co-panellist, but her impromptus are so brilliant that she steals the show.) The heart-lifter that I chanced to hear was well up to her standard. She took the Bible character Jezebel and brought her crisply to life, comparing her with Lady Macbeth and with Mary Queen of Scots. Psalm 45, she said (I hadn't realised this), describes Jezebel's wedding: she was 'a most glamorous creature'. Of Naboth's vineyard Mrs Stocks remarked that 'nowadays, of course, it would have been acquired by compulsory purchase under a town-planning scheme'. Her summing-up of Jezebel is typical of her refreshingly unmoralising method: 'She had dignity, but without righteousness dignity is not enough'.

Then at night, skipping the religious 'main stream' with which both the BBC and ITV nourish us so copiously (and ITV now starts it at lunchtime, with a two-minute *Thought for the Day*, always by Fr C. P Ryan), one can hear some interesting deviations from the main stream if one switches to Radio-Luxembourg. Often an American voice of granitic harshness is monotoning warnings on behalf of 'the *Lard*'. Last Good Friday night I happened to switch just as a rather more urgent and persuasive American voice (a hidden persuader, indeed) was trailing a talk by 'the world's foremost minister': this proud title turned out to be held not by SuperMac but by a Pennsylvania Pentecostalist.

Another programme which I have not been able to mention before is the new *Zoo Quest* series: David Attenborough, unflappable, impeccable, his charm almost too consciously projected (or perhaps I wrong him), has been guiding us through Paraguay. I liked his close-ups of water-rats, dignified and blank-faced, with long (and doubtless stiff) upper lips – really very like Tory statesmen.

Then, horror . . Late at night, fortunately (for the children, not for nervous old solitaries), Michael Ingrams surveyed trends in horror-films, distinguishing between the 'healthy' old-fashioned kind (*Dracula*, *King Kong* and such) and the new ones which explore the by-ways of cruelty at its most extreme, with intense concentration on surgical details. It was surprising to see so reputable an actor as Sir Donald Wolfit in an extract from one of these, *Blood of the Vampire*: so far as I can recall (but this, I am glad to say, has more or less vanished from my mind), he was impersonating a collector of the severed parts of human beings, and we saw him busily at work in his operating-theatre.

There was an exquisite moment in an admirable *Roving Report* on Rome, when some actress said she wanted to make a film in England. Why? 'Oh, here in Rome everything's mostly sexy and all that.'

TOM DRIBERG

Shaw Beautified

It is hard to know in the first place why *The Doctor's Dilemma* should have been filmed; so obviously it is stage stuff, dated at that. The shock has worn off, and Shaw without shock is . . . well, why not go along to the Warner's Theatre to see? It *is* to see rather than hear, what with Beaton costumes and Paul Sheriff decor and stars a-plenty; while music throughout the death scene overstresses pathos at the expense of comedy. In fact, as a period piece, with one of Shaw's rare approaches to poetry at its centre, the whole thing has been taken romantically, prettily, gravely. That this is the 'wrong' way of manipulating Shaw, even at this date, must be obvious; personally I should have preferred it to be grasped as the caricature it is, and let crankiness clank for the sake of the dry crackle. Mr Anthony Asquith elects to take it sweet, and so there are only a few padded laughs, despite Messrs Alastair Sim and Robert Morley, and rationalism leads up to the poetic death, which Dirk Bogarde as Dubedat and Leslie Caron as his wife, who is not really his wife, make really affecting; so much so that, after it, and even at moments during it, the ironies and Shavianisms seem wrong – sure evidence that the production has strayed somewhere! The ghost voice of Dubedat has to obtrude bits from the death-bed speech to keep it all going. However, one is grateful, as well as surprised, to find a film bringing out poetry in Shaw; and the only pity is that this legerdemain could not have been rather more exciting.

One of the minor pleasures of life used to be Mr Bob Hope. Half cardsharp, half schoolgirl, with a nose by Daumier and a smile out of bedroom farce he seemed – as they say in the ads – morning-fresh. But the charm couldn't last. During the years we saw too much of too little, and for a long time now manner and patter have been wearing thin. I am delighted, therefore, to be able to assert that his latest appearance – in *Alias Jesse James* at the Leicester Square – revives our old enthusiasms.

The new film is a mock-Western, and a good deal brighter than that recent specimen of the genre, *The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw*. But then, at his best, Mr Hope is a good deal funnier than Mr More. This time he sells insurance policies; and to whom but to Jesse James the outlaw, likely to be struck down or strung up at any moment? His company instruct him to shadow this client with a price on his head, to make sure he enjoys long life. It ends with a parody of all gun battles in which a galaxy of Western stars appears out of crannies to take aim and let off a wisecrack; and altogether the film, directed by Norman McLeod, tickles and keeps its comedian busy.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

'Dark Halo,' at the Arts Theatre

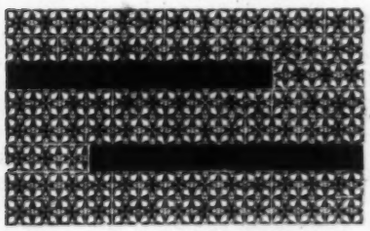
Edie Dennis ('Mother', to her disciples, a bunch of crazy mixed-ups who have established a community in New York) is a faith-healer. More or less in the background is a husband, admirably drawn by Mr Larry Cross as a figure of frustrated affection, with considerable pathetic, drunken dignity, who will have nothing to do with her goings-on, knowing she is a bitterly unhappy woman seeking compensation for hatred of sex. Is 'Mother' Dennis a conscious charlatan or a self-deceiver? That, of course, is the point of interest, and the play proceeds briskly and convincingly for the first two acts, which end, after a spirited scene of orgiastic community-praying for a sick child, with the child's death and 'Mother' Dennis's exposure as, at any rate, a failure. So far, excellent; but the third act, following an initial and relevatory confrontation between husband and wife, is an anti-climax. The author, Miss Sylvia Leigh, does not seem quite to have made up her mind about 'Mother's' motives. Miss Leigh is splendidly served by Miss Mary Ellis, who plays 'Mother' for all she's worth as a radiant, magnetic boss of a woman who can quell the doubts of others, though not her own. The rest of the company make the most of parts that are sharply observed and conspicuously well written, Mr Clifford Williams' direction and Mr Ken Calder's setting are unfussily efficient.

W. A.

Hans Richter-Haaser, at the Royal Festival Hall

The German pianist, Hans Richter-Haaser, has already attracted considerable attention in this country, and last week he played twice in London: first the Brahms D minor Concerto with the Hallé under Sir John Barbirolli, and then a recital at the German Institute. Both occasions were rather disappointing, not because Richter-Haaser's talent is inferior to his reputation but because his performances were clearly unworthy of his talent. As it progressed, the concerto performance benefited from growing confidence. To be sure, Sir John's opening exposition might have made anyone nervous – orchestral calamities are inevitable if one's interpretation of that tremendous 'symphony' seems to rebuke Brahms for not scoring, or composing, like Strauss. In the adagio Richter-Haaser had to compete with an orchestral pianissimio that almost incredibly reached the brink of vulgarity, and despite the sensitiveness with which he sustained those marvellously elaborated pedal-points, the movement lacked unity. The finale gave him the best opportunities, and showed that his playing is by no means as unrhythmic, or as careless of the actual notes, as the first movement had sometimes suggested. We look forward to Richter-Haaser's return in better form. He obviously has much to offer.

D. D.



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FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT

Correspondence

SUPPRESSION IN THE FEDERATION

SIR,—It is with increasing pain and shock that one follows the sorry career of the Preventive Detention Bill sponsored by the government of Southern Rhodesia.

The first draft so outraged intelligent public opinion in that colony that the government was shamed into withdrawing it.

Now comes the amended Bill whose dreadful provisions (as far as I can gather them from the press) continue to offend against the most elementary standards of justice. It contains *inter alia* the following objectionable features:

(a) Retrospective penalties for belonging to an organisation which it was previously lawful to join.
(b) The power of the executive to impose punishment even after acquittal by the judicial tribunal set up in the bill. This is what giving the Governor the right to reverse decisions of the tribunal means. It also means that the prosecutor and the final judge are one and the same, i.e. the government.
(c) Secret trials—the inference is that the government can't let its case be seen in the light of day. Justice that cannot manifestly be seen to be done is not justice.
(d) The rules of evidence normally applicable to criminal trials need not be adhered to. The rules of evidence are specifically framed to ensure a fair trial. Why not say straight out that the accused need not be given a fair trial?

Why not go back to the original shameful bill? Its one virtue was the honesty with which its tyrannous objects were declared. The new bill has all the viciousness without the honesty.

I have time and again been shocked at our own government's invasions of the rule of law concerning which I have seldom been silent. But I must say, in all fairness, that never has the Nationalist government of the Union gone to such excesses as these in its legislation.

These bills not only violate the rule of law. They are at the same time brutally contemptuous of human rights which have been universally recognised. I often wonder (perhaps too charitably) whether it is, perhaps, ignorance of the sacredness of the rights they so light-heartedly trample on which prompts modern jacks-in-office to father bills like these.

LEO LOVELL

Benoni
Transvaal

SIR,—Last week, P. D. S., reviewing an issue of the *Twentieth Century* devoted to Africa, claimed that I said 'the federal authorities are actively encouraging violence on the Mau Mau pattern in order to discredit the Nationalist movement'. This evokes a delightful picture of Welensky *et al*, smeared all over with bootblack, crawling around among the villages inciting the populace to seditious activity.

What I said was that I believed the federal authorities had arrested the Congress leaders in the hope that violent outbreaks would occur, so that they could discredit the Nationalist movement by using words like Mau Mau. This is surely rather different.

The outbreaks in Nyasaland occurred after the arrest of Dr Banda and his colleagues. This was to be foreseen. It is not the first time this political pattern has worked itself out in Africa. Does P. D. S. imagine that Sir Roy Welensky did not foresee it? That he did not plan to make use of these inevitable protest riots for his own propaganda ends? The innocence, or rather soft-mindedness, of a certain type of liberal in this country never ceases to astound me.

When I was in Central Africa two years back I had an interview with a very high official indeed, unfortunately off the record as all the really interesting interviews tend to be. He said, among other revealing things: 'We'll let those black friends of yours shout the odds a bit, then at the right time we'll get them into prison where they belong. Without leaders the rank and file will soon lose their heads, and then we'll have them where we want them'.

The Federal authorities knew what they were doing in Central Africa. They made a mistake about the reaction in Britain. But the present comparatively well-educated attitude to Central Africa in Britain has not been achieved by people who believe that when men like Welensky use phrases such as "partnership' and 'fair play' they mean the same by them as would be meant here.

DORIS LESSING

25 Langham St, W1

APPEALS FOR AFRICA

SIR,—It would be most unfortunate if the letter which you published from Mr Colley and Mr Omubo had the effect of deterring people from contributing either to the Christian Action or the Africa Bureau funds for the defence of detainees in Africa. Both funds have their functions and both, for the moment, would appear to be necessary.

Particularly misleading is the impression which Mr Colley and Mr Omubo create that the Africa Bureau is a rather redundant organisation which came into a field already adequately covered by Christian Action in 1952. The fact is that the Bureau came into existence precisely because so little was being done to put the case against the extension of white domination in Africa through the Federation and other schemes. The present stiffening of public opinion against Welensky owes a great deal to their work.

This by no means rules out the value of a more general fund capable of giving assistance more widely and of supporting movements of more long-term significance. In any case, I feel sure that the Rev. Michael Scott and Canon Collins would be the first to agree that this is a time when massive financial support is necessary, through whatever channels, for a people, whose struggle for freedom is tough enough in all conscience, without being made tougher by sectarian bickerings among their friends in London.

JOHN REX

24 Regent Park Terrace
Leeds 6

MENTAL HEALTH BILL

Sir,—Nearly all the points raised in Dr Spencer's letter have been fully discussed during the committee stage of the Bill which was concluded this week. The Royal Commission's view that compulsory detention should rest solely upon medical recommendations has been generally accepted. Opposition has been confined in the main to a minority of psychiatrists whose views were strongly represented to, but rejected by, the committee considering the Bill. I am told that even today, with the magistrate's signature on the certificate, most certified patients regard their hospital doctor as the person responsible for their detention. The doctor-patient relationship does not seem to suffer thereby.

How far Dr Spencer's other misgivings are justifiable will depend very largely upon the effectiveness of the Mental Health Review Tribunals to be set up under the Bill. Everything must be done to ensure membership of the highest quality and to guarantee their independence. I agree that patients should have access to the Tribunal at least once a year, and I moved an amendment in committee designed to secure this. The Minister is considering the position.

I cannot agree that the compulsorily detained patient is regarded under the Bill 'as if he were a criminal'. The heavy weather made of his position, of which Dr Spencer complains, is almost entirely due to the building into the Bill of such safeguards of his liberty as are compatible with public safety. These, it is generally agreed, go considerably beyond what he enjoys at present. Let us remember, too, that compulsory patients will be in a steadily decreasing minority if the purposes of the Bill are achieved and the necessary funds for the development of our mental health services are provided.

KENNETH ROBINSON

House of Commons

POPULATION AND SCIENCE

SIR,—My opponents and I may both be right on the immediate prospects of people in the underdeveloped countries. They argue on the basis of what has been done there in the past and will be done there in the future if the economic set-up is not changed. I argue on the basis of what could be done everywhere and what is being done now where that set-up is being changed. Naturally, that change is difficult but it is going through in spite of all obstruction. The Chinese would much prefer the bulldozer to the carrying-pole. It is our choice in imposing an embargo on machinery imports that is forcing them for the time being to do without.

We have now the means, which we are misusing on war preparations, to end forthwith the present distress in the world, which is too easily put down to excess population, instead of to the failure to use existing resources and techniques to raise more food and other necessities.

It may be political prejudice on my part to believe with Dean Swift in the value of making two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow where one grew before, but it is one which I share with the majority of mankind. I would rather do that than rely upon the modern equivalent of his 'Modest Proposal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents or country'. I agree with Le Gros Clark that women have the right to control the number of children it seems to them good to have. But, as the case of the United States shows, if they do the population will still grow. So that it will remain everybody's job to see that all the children brought into the world are properly fed and well looked after.

J. D. BERNAL

21 Torrington Square, WC1

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THE MARWOOD CASE

SIR,—We write to enlist the support of your readers for mercy for Ronald Marwood, who is now under sentence of death for the murder of PC Summers, killed by a knife wound while dealing with a street fight in Islington in which a number of persons were involved. We ask them to join us in pleading for a reprieve, because:

(1) He could not have been convicted but for his own confession. This was made when he was in a state of mental and physical exhaustion, and after some hours alone with the police.

(2) Other evidence points to a possibility that he did not commit the murder:

(a) the scraps of material adhering to the knife were not Marwood's.

(b) Marwood was bleeding profusely from a wound received earlier in the affray, but there was no trace of his blood either on the knife or on the murdered man.

(c) no one saw Marwood commit the murder although there were other people present.

(d) other men were seen to run away when the policeman fell.

(e) Marwood went to the police station for questioning of his own free will, and without feeling the need for legal advice.

While we abhor murder and hooliganism, we feel that, in view of the evident element of doubt which remains in this particular case, Marwood ought not to be executed; and we ask for support in our approach to the Home Secretary.

T. HULHOVEN, SCA
Parish Priest of St Peter and St Paul, Amwell Street, EC1

W. J. JENNER
Vicar, St Silas, Pentonville, N1

THE MARCH OF CONQUEST

SIR,—With much that Mr Nigel Nicolson says in his interesting review of three recent war books, in your issue of 12 April, I would agree. But three of the points he makes about Telford Taylor's book *The March of Conquest* are very questionable.

He says that 'it adds little to what we know from' the British official history of the 1940 campaign in France. I would say that it adds much to this volume of the British official history, which deals very scantily with the operations outside the narrow British sector.

Secondly, the review chides Telford Taylor for giving little attention to the two 'counter-attacks' at Laon and Abbeville by General de Gaulle's armoured division. But, there is, in fact, no evidence that these, although gallantly intended, had any appreciable effect on the German advance—unlike the smaller British armoured counter-attack at Arras, which led the German Command to make a vital pause in the drive towards Dunkirk.

On the next phase, however, the reviewer accepts the British official history's conclusion about the panzer forces' three-day stop, on the canal line just short of Dunkirk, saying: 'The order was undoubtedly issued by Rundstedt alone without consulting Hitler, who merely confirmed it eighteen hours later'. This mistaken conclusion comes from failing to see the vital difference between Rundstedt's order on 23 May that panzer forces should 'in the main, halt tomorrow' in order to 'close up', and Hitler's definite stop order on 24 May—which was not lifted until late on 26 May. The difference between the two orders was like that in road-travel between a 'halt' sign and a red 'stop' light.

That is shown clearly by the course of events. Rundstedt's momentary stop halt-order on 23 May did not, in fact, prevent the panzer spearheads pushing on. Next morning they had advanced ten miles beyond the canal line, and were within close reach of the main British escape-road to Dunkirk, when they were not only stopped but recalled on Hitler's order.

B. H. LIDDELL HART

Marlow
Bucks

CATHOLICS AND WITCHCRAFT

SIR,—I do not understand why Fr Crehan says that, in my article on witchcraft, I 'do my best to minimise the importance of the German Jesuit Friedrich von Spee'. I thought I did him proud. But Fr Crehan's real objection seems to be that I do not regard Spee as typical of his order. In view of the evidence, it would be a rash man who did. Fr Crehan also dislikes my statement that Spee published his doubts in a Protestant city. Perhaps I should not have said that he published them, since his manuscript was conveyed to the printer by a friend. But the attempt to show that it was really a Catholic gesture seems to me excessive. Fr Crehan says that Rinteln was then 'undergoing a Catholic transformation', and refers to goings-on in the monastery. But was the book published in the monastery? According to Boehmer, it was published by 'a Protestant printing house'.

Fr Crehan also accuses me of omitting 'a consideration of the greatest importance'—the absence of legal torture in England. More careful readers will have noted that in fact I did not omit this point: I stated it explicitly in my fourth paragraph.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Melrose, Scotland

SIR,—I was interested to learn from Father Crehan's letter that torture was introduced into England after the Reformation. According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the rack was introduced into England a century earlier, by an uncle of Henry V, whence it became known as the 'Duke of Exeter's daughter'. A hundred years earlier, Edward II, 'from respect for the Apostolic See', allowed Inquisitors to enter England and use torture on Knights Templar suspected of heresy.

M. TOPHAM

28 Russell Square, WC1

D. H. LAWRENCE

SIR,—Is it really true, as stated by Mr Alvarez in his article on D. H. Lawrence in your issue of 18 April, that there have been, so far, over 800 books on the man? The number listed in the catalogue of the British Museum Library is only 45, and that includes bibliographies.

S. GODMAN

Pipe Passage
Lewes

Sir,—As a 'professional writer' who enjoyed D. H. Lawrence's friendship from 1919 until his death and whose work is quoted in each of the three volumes of Mr Edward Nehls's *Composite Biography*, I should be interested to know on what grounds Mr A. Alvarez thinks I do not come out 'with a clean slate'. In 1920, when my book *Reputations* appeared, with a glowing tribute to Lawrence's recent work, no other critic dared to stand up for him and he was unable to find an English publisher for *Women in Love*. Fortunately I was able to place the latter novel with a firm in New York and to persuade a Leipzig firm to issue a German translation of *The Rainbow*. If he knows of any ways in which I dirtied my slate where D. H. Lawrence is concerned, Mr Alvarez should have the courage to indicate them.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING

[Mr Alvarez writes: My apologies to Mr Goldring. The *Composite Biography* shows that Mr Goldring was always a good friend to Lawrence. When I referred to 'professional writers', I was thinking mainly of those—the great majority—outside the Lawrence circle, as I should have made clear.

As for the figure of 800 books queried by Mr Godman, this was given to me by Frieda Lawrence (and confirmed by a Lawrence scholar in New Mexico). She was referring, of course, to books published all over the world and not simply to those in the English language; and she was almost certainly including a number of book-length theses which, though not published, have been generally available to Lawrence scholars.—ED., *NS*.]

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Talent of Ring Lardner

WHAT is the specifically American contribution to literature? In the Twenties, when Ring Lardner's *How to Write Short Stories** first appeared, with Hemingway and then a whole school, the answer was certain: talk. Mark Twain was not a lucky and accidental exploiter of the vernacular, a folk writer who represented the end of a way of life; he was one of the founders of a tradition that was going to last and be built on. The notorious, subversive garrulity has become literary capital. Even the dilatory, latinised, officious style of respectable American prose with its unrelenting and deliberate long-windedness, its love of ten words where one would do, and its flavour of cardboard, is a talker's prose translated. Its ceremoniousness may even have egged on the vernacular protest, although when one considers the vitality and real depth of the vernacular, one wonders whether ceremony is not a desperate and massive attempt at educated weed-choking.

In England the vernacular did not have the same chance. It was shut off in the vegetable patches of dialect. Cockney, Irish, Loamshire, were cultivated to make the educated laugh. The differences of class speech were – and still are – pretty rich in Great Britain, but class divisions have been so sedulously kept by all classes, that no one vernacular could become dominant. (The success of BBC English is a reflection of the unyielding jealousy among the outside competitors.) There was a moment, in Kipling's stories, when we clearly pre-dated the modern American school; he is our earliest vernacular writer, but he does not sustain the vernacular style for long because there is no general one to sustain; it falls away into tribal pockets. They are not to be despised – I do not despise W. W. Jacobs's exquisite Thames watermen and their devilish subtlety – but they do not travel and cannot spread. Now, mainly under the double influence of Joyce and Lardner's American successors – the stream of consciousness being married to the stream of garrulity – we begin to have a talking prose and are likely to have more. It will not last unless it comes close to the way people naturally think and wish to go on thinking and it is noticeable that they do not altogether wish to go on in the lazy, native way. Common speech in England at the moment is a comic mixture of the incurable and the new gentility, and is too socially nervous to sound like an assured and single habit of mind – which has been the strength of the American tradition.

Mr Alan Ross has written an intelligent introduction to a selection of Lardner's stories. So much talk has been written down since the Twenties and we have seen so many poker faces since that time, that the shock of freezing, malicious pleasure Lardner once gave us has gone. He is still very funny in his blistering way and he is a master of the short story in the only way mastery is possible: a short-story writer sinks to the bottom unless his individuality and talent are strong enough to make him use new subject matter, ignore old rules and make his own. Americans have excelled in writing short stories not only because America has been a country of magazines, but also because so many of their best writers were trained as reporters. This has been a sound beginning – not the only possible one, I must add – but it has also led to casualty among the best of them. Their powers do not increase but rather, after a certain point, tragically decline. They despise their own medium. They 'turn out the stuff' once they have got the hang of it. O. Henry went to pieces. Lardner was always more interested in the theatre and regarded himself as a failure. He also began to hate the sporting world which he had been obliged to soak himself in. Short-story writers *do* eat up their subject-matter quickly. They need change and movement. They ought not to stay at home too much but, if they have been brought up in the reporter's world, they will sooner or later get sick of 'hanging around'. One can have an excess of 'ordinary' life and 'ordinary' people; and Lardner's people have been described by Clifton Fadiman as 'mental sadists, four-flushers, intolerable gossipers, meal-ticket females, interfering morons, brainless flirts, liars, brutes, spiteful snobs, vulgar climbers, dishonest jockeys, drunks, snoopers and bridge-players'. Let us compromise and call them boxers, barbers, baseball players, chauffeurs, theatre people, but they have all the thick-skinned egotism of common people newly in the money. They are ordinary people made intolerable by the boom. When one thinks of what twenty pages of a short story must have meant in man-hours put in by an intelligent and sensitive man in the company of hicks and dullards, one is not surprised Lardner took to drink. Nevertheless, bores are indispensable to the comic writer: he is drawn to them by his natural misanthropy.

When Lardner's stories appeared in England Virginia Woolf – not surprisingly – responded at once to them. Bloomsbury, for all its vices, had an eye for the unique and, above all, for the artist.

> We gaze into the depths of a society which goes on its ways intent on its own concerns. There, perhaps, is one of the elements of Mr Lardner's success. He is not merely himself intent on his own game, but his characters are equally intent on theirs. It is no coincidence that the best of Mr Lardner's stories are about games, for one may guess that Mr Lardner's interest in games has solved one of the most difficult problems of the American writer; it has given him a clue, a centre, a meeting place for the diverse activities of people whom a vast continent isolates, whom no tradition controls. Games give him what society gives his English brother. Whatever the precise reason, Mr Lardner at any rate provides something unique in its kind, something indigenous to the soil, which the traveller may carry off as a trophy to prove to the incredulous that he has actually been to America and found it a foreign land.

As Mr Ross says, Lardner's friend, Scott Fitzgerald, disapproved of Lardner's addiction to sport as a subject. It was, he thought, schoolboyish and arrested his development. Mr Ross disagrees or, rather, he thinks that in choosing sport and in writing about it in the vernacular, Ring Lardner had hit upon the means and matter of large general interest which is necessary to the writer in a classless society. That point is very disputable. For in Lardner himself, although the material belongs to the sporting world, the subject is the old subject of human nature: its crankiness, its vanity, its stupidity, its passions and the comedy of its corruption. More precisely, his subject is the impenetrable, callous or ludicrous stupidity of the go-getter. His characters might just as well have been salesmen and businessmen on the make; or dunces in general – see the delicious *Alibi Ike* or *Hurry Kane* in the baseball series. Two of the best stories in the book – *The Love Nest* or *The Golden Honeymoon* – are not primarily stories of games. In any case, Lardner's interest in games is oblique. It is not the game itself that interests him but the changing room, the manager's office, the training ground of commercial sport. The poker and bridge-playing, throwing the horse shoe, chequers, and golf are there as relief from a terrible suburban boredom. The poor devils can't think of anything else – not even sex. Mr Ross is surprised that commercial sport has been neglected by English novelists – it is really astonishing that Association football and its heroes have not attracted our writers – but we either lack the American passion for continual game-playing of one kind or another (of which 'kidding' itself is a manifestation) or we absorb these into other social activities so that there seems to be nothing uncommonly interesting in them. P. G. Wodehouse's golf stories are not his best. The horse, not the ball, has been our contribution to literature.

We have our excellent writers on sport, like Mr Ross himself, but it remains a speciality. The argument that sport may become the only common meeting-ground in a mass society is an interesting one. One can never tell. The difficulty in English literature is that few people come into it by the backdoor of popular journalism, and it is only the journalist who can come close to the sporting world. Lardner was able to endure it for a time because he was infected by that hero-worship of baseball players, boxers and sporting characters which – I suspect – goes deeper into American youth than the comparable thing does here.

The first story in this book called *Haircut*, told by a barber, about a rough practical joker who gets rougher and worse as time goes on, contains the essence of Lardner's ear for vivid illiteracy and shows the strength of the tradition he represents.

> Then they was a story got around that Doc Stair's gal had throwed him over, a gal up in the Northern Peninsula somewheres, and the reason he come here was to hide himself away and forget it. He said himself that he thought they wasn't nothin' like general practice in a place like ours to fit a man to be a good all-round doctor. And that's why he'd came.
>
> Anyways, it wasn't long before he was makin' enough to live on, though they tell me that he never dunned nobody for what they owed him,

* *The Best Short Stories of Ring Lardner*. Introduction by ALAN ROSS. *Chatto & Windus*. 21s.

and the folks here certainly has got the owin' habit, even in my business. If I had all that was comin' to me for just shaves alone, I could go to Carterville and put up at the Mercer for a week and see a different picture every night. For instance, they's old George Purdy – but I guess I shouldn't ought to be gossippin'.

Well, last year, our coroner died, died of the flu. Ken Beatty, that was his name. He was the coroner. So they had to choose another man to be coroner in his place and they picked Doc Stair. He laughed at first and said he didn't want it, but they made him take it. It ain't no job that anybody would fight for and what a man makes out of it in a year would just about buy seeds for their garden. Doc's the kind, though, that can't say no to nothin' if you keep at him long enough.

But I was goin' to tell you about a poor boy we got here in town – Paul Dickson. He fell out of a tree when he was about ten years old. Lit on his head and it done somethin' to him and he ain't never been right.

That is pure Twain. It rambles on. It is authentic speech. It is yarning, drifting from one thing to another, until not only the barber, the customers, but the whole stupid town and its nasty outlook on life come through. The story-teller who listens to speech soon discovers that he is listening to story-tellers, and unless the vernacular writer catches that point, he will merely get the words and not the mind or character that fills the tale with life-stuff. This narrative garrulity is a universal gift; it is a passion as strong as sex, self-preservation and hunger. For its fulfilment it requires leisure, laziness and no distraction: three requirements always powerfully present in American life. Slow yarning is the product of loneliness and the frontier. One is struck on one's return from America to England certainly by the superiority of conversation here but also by the inferiority, indeed even the lack, of leisurely picaresque jawing. Ring Lardner is a great jaw, but he adds to the tradition by examining life through the poverty of its speech as well as through its richness; for the inadequacy and abuse of language are as revealing, in their way, as the fullness of it. And that, of course, is a game of skill and cunning in itself.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Escapist

Perhaps he shall climb ladders up rock faces
That we have never climbed; and walk
Among the green slime rocks and spread his aces
Out against the far horizon, and talk

With vacant eyes about such ships as swing
Between sky and sea like dark beads
Running loose along a tightened string.
And he will hold his daggers and the seeds

Of anger close, and draw a cloak about
His body, being the player who sees
The world fair game; the prancing tout or lout
Who stakes all but the salt in bilious seas.

There are no ladders that he will not climb
Though rock-faces powder into sand;
Because the tide is measured out in time,
And he must keep his feet upon dry land.

ALAN SILLITOE

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ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

Martyr or Mountebank?

Orde Wingate. By CHRISTOPHER SYKES. *Collins.* 35*s.*

The British Army has never taken kindly to mass warfare, or shown much skill in the manœuvre of the huge units with which the last two wars have been fought. Its traditions are not those of Napoleon or Moltke, but of the erratic individualists who with a handful of white troops and native levies conquered vast stretches of the world to the mingled pride and embarrassment of their compatriots. Clive, Nicholson, Gordon and Kitchener were military sports who established their characteristics as the norm, and whose traditions of bizarre and wilful independence can only with difficulty be reconciled with the military bureaucracy of the twentieth century. Yet that bureaucracy was strongly affected by them. The majors and colonels who spent their war submerged in *paperasserie* had been brought up on tales of Gordon and Lawrence; so had the generals wrestling with insoluble problems of logistics, and the subalterns in arid training-depots watching their youth running to waste. Thus in the British Army as in no other 'cloak and dagger' activities proliferated with official blessing, absorbed men and supplies, and, if they made the war no shorter, at least made it very much more interesting. Only now are the cold-voiced historians asking which, if any, were really worth while.

Orde Wingate fitted perfectly into the pattern of the British military eccentric. Particularly did he resemble Gordon, with his innate military genius, his religious mania, and his self-destructive, paranoiac mistrust. His inner resources had been strengthened by the intense piety of his home; the hearty brutality of a military education threw him back on them in disgusted reaction against the callous, convivial groups which ruled his school and college and seemed also to run the Army, the nation, and the world. He was a text-book paranoiac, one who by his attitude created around him the very hostility which he believed already to exist. But he was also a compelling genius of the very highest order. Like Adolf Hitler, like Napoleon—and he is not unworthy of comparison with either—he was a solitary mad dog of a figure, revolving vast ambitions, yet capable of awakening a slave-like devotion whenever he so desired. For those who wonder what happens to potential Napoleons when no revolutionary situation exists for them to exploit, the career of Orde Wingate provides an interesting answer.

In some ways it created fresh frustrations for Wingate that he should have been born into a society which was not only stable but whose tolerance of his eccentricities was virtually unlimited. The bourgeoisie refused to be *épatée* by his curious clothes, his preference for no clothes at all, and his outrageous insolence. As a junior officer he accosted the CIGS at an exercise and complained at not having been selected for the Staff College. In Palestine he jumped into Sir Archibald Wavell's car to expound his schemes. At Gibraltar he burst in on Sir Edmund Ironside at dawn. But all these generals, and the statesmen whom he accosted no less brusquely, listened courteously to this mad young man and took him very seriously indeed. No disciplinary action ever seems to have been contemplated against him for insubordination; but if he received a posting which took him away from the centre of affairs, if senior officers wrote reports reflecting on his qualifications or judgment, if staff officers hesitated to comply with his huge and unorthodox requirements, then hell was let loose. Wires were pulled, politicians were harried, the air became hideous with complaints against the 'military apes' who dominated the hierarchy, until Wingate got his way, however extravagant that way may have been. By the end he was virtually demanding that the entire strategy of the war in the Far East should be modified to enable his Chindit operations to go on undisturbed. If Mr Sykes's beautifully written biography has one major fault, it lies in an inability always to see how ludicrously unjust Wingate's views of his colleagues and his superiors were. This book, like Wingate's mind, is obsessed with anonymous and obstructive enemies about whom the most libellous insinuations are made with no proof whatever adduced in their justification.

In fact, although Wingate was beyond doubt a soldier of genius, his record of achievement does much to justify any doubts which his seniors may have felt about giving him his head. In Palestine he certainly developed new and important techniques of fighting—techniques which are largely the basis of Israeli training today. In Ethiopia he reaped, as did other guerilla leaders, vast successes from a demoralised enemy. But his achievements in Burma, upon which his fame rests, are much more questionable. The first Chindit expedition lost over two-thirds of its strength, and Mr Sykes's assessment of its effect on the plans of the Japanese High Command is highly questionable. The second expedition absorbed six brigades of our slender forces in Burma in a grandiose enterprise which even Wingate's survival is unlikely to have redeemed from failure. The expeditions had important by-products: they raised the morale of the army and, thanks to brilliant exploitation by Fleet Street, of the nation as a whole; but Mr Sykes brings forward no evidence to justify his rejection of Sir William Slim's verdict that outside the field of morale they were a diversion of forces desperately needed elsewhere.

Wingate was a figure of more than military significance, and Mr Sykes paints him with a vividness and a sympathy for which much may be forgiven. But there are too many errors of fact and misinterpretations of documents, in the account of the Burma campaign alone, for the book to command respect as military history. It will not only be pedants who will find the footnote 'Information obtained at the War Office' somewhat inadequate as an authority for Mr Sykes's statements. But such faults will no doubt be corrected in that second edition to which this work deserves very shortly to run.

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A New African

Down Second Avenue. By EZEKIEL MPHAHLELE. *Faber.* 18*s.*

'I'm the personification of the African paradox', writes Ezekiel Mphahlele in the current issue of *The Twentieth Century*, 'detribalised, Westernised, but still African—minus the conflicts.' His autobiography explains how he reached this point. It is valuable for several reasons. It rings true; it is the work of a new kind of self-emancipated South African; it lights up both the conditions in which he struggled to make the best of his powers, and the self that has evolved. Because the struggle was bitter and because this man of forty is truthful, his book has a partly bitter flavour: it is not the bitterness of despair or fanaticism, but the taste of the life he has known.

After thirteen years in a village in the Northern Transvaal under the rule of a stern Christian grandmother, the country boy was taken to live with his parents in Marabastad, a slum location for Africans near Pretoria. His mother, by hard work and force of character, held the home together; his father, violent by nature, drank, and on a Sunday in 1932 brutally injured her. His son never saw him again. The young Ezekiel (whose older self does not boast or whine) did most of the domestic work, attended school, and collected washing from the houses of whites. There is no middle distance in a location; life is exposed there like a throbbing anatomy. Young delinquents go padding past; there are police raids; an African schoolmaster beats his pupils, who scrounge and scavenge for food. Later the movies, for which there is not always money, are a drug against hunger and weariness of body or spirit, and the dance hall summons the boys and girls. In the turmoil of daily life the older women stand out, disillusioned, toughened by experience, sticking to their principles and proprieties, maintaining against all odds their own lives and those of their offspring, brewing illicit beer, missing nothing, and exercising their sharp wits on everybody and everything. 'As God's in the heavens', says one, 'I'll bite my elbow if she doesn't get a baby soon.'

Exactly and with humour Mr Mphahlele has caught the tone of these astringent gossips, but there is nothing to smile at in the strenuous years that follow. 'Beware of the white man', his mother impressed on him, 'he's very, very strong'. And, as somebody else said, 'The Government is a strange person'. The strength of that strange person was not too great to prevent progress from Marabastad for one of its inhabitants. Examinations were passed, scholarships were won, and at a secondary school run by the Anglican Community of the Resurrection he met Peter Abrahams, writing gloomy verse on racial themes, had

access to a decent library, and enjoyed learning by heart a poem by Herrick. As he worked as a clerk, a messenger, or a teacher, as he began to write and publish fiction, obtained a degree, joined the African National Congress, worked for *Drum*, married, Mr Mphahlele's personality, which he had felt to be a turmoil of ambition and idealism, gradually shaped itself into that of a mature, cultivated, independent nature. It was too independent to stay in South Africa. By 1957 it felt 'suffocated', and he managed to emigrate to Nigeria, where he can think, his children are happy, and he feels free to 'expose himself to the impacts of as many ways of life as possible' – at last.

Although he found, through white and Christian institutions and individuals, scope for his abilities, he also won it by his own brains and guts. In doing so he has come to find that formal Christianity is no longer for him, but he is able to enjoy, say, Chekhov and Vivaldi, he values his white friends too much to want to shoo them out of Africa, and he has gained, among other things, the use of the English language. If he wishes to use it, he has the talent, as this book shows, to interest and enlarge the understandings of readers whose brains are more important to them than their pigmentation. Respect for himself as a man and a writer he has already won. He is a participant in the great, non-racial effort of winning the durable from the transient.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Background to Federation

Central African Witness. By CYRIL DUNN. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

When Yves Guyot wrote in 1885 that the French *mission civilizatrice* meant in practice that *'nous avons su apprendre aux Arabes qu'à boire de l'absinthe et à pisser debout'*, he was perfecting a heavy blunt instrument which ultimately smashed nineteenth-century imperialist hypocrisy into fragments. Cyril Dunn's important book is in the same tradition; but the problem has changed and his tools are more refined. His aim is to 'modify any popular enthusiasm there may be' for the view that Welensky's United Federal Party 'is one to which reasonable men might safely commit the well-being of the African people' of Central Africa. His ear for the nuances of Central African humbug is second only to Doris Lessing's (and she was brought up there). His style is deceptively innocuous; the fallacies of 'partnership' are quietly dissected and exposed before you can say 'outside interference'.

Cyril Dunn was the *Observer's* African Correspondent from 1954-58, and some of the book's best passages are naturally those based on his direct observation, such as a description of a visit to Lenshina, the priestess of a schismatic Bemba sect who believe that God is black; or, in one of many subtle comparisons with South Africa, a glimpse of raw 'Reserve' Africans, recruits for the Rand mines, 'being herded in through the streets of Johannesburg like columns of bemused Anglo-Saxon serfs'.

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subtlety of his analysis owe a great deal to this – as he says, any useful examination of 'partnership' must be made through African eyes. In the debating club in the Salisbury African township of Harari, African speakers mock at white hypocrisy by posing as white men; they

> apply all these solemn strictures to the audience, about how helpless they are without 2,000 years of background and how much more superstitious than those civilised Europeans who cannot wait to discover what the stars foretell for them in the Sunday newspapers.

Some of Mr Dunn's most mordant flashes surely represent a cooled and barbed reflection of the style of thought of this not yet bitter, but wholly undeceived, African generation. 'It is difficult', he writes, for example, of the argument that we should give special consideration to the settlers as our own 'kith and kin',

> to see why obligations of kinship should be thought superior to all others and in all circumstances. If anyone among our far-flung brethren is acting unjustly towards those over whom he exercises authority, he cannot reasonably demand our approval simply because he has an aunt living in Cheltenham.

Cyril Dunn finished writing before the recent declarations of emergency, and the imprisonment without charge of all the main Congress leaders. More than any words, these actions have at last destroyed comfortable British illusions about the nature of 'partnership'; no ideology can any longer paper over the crack between official doctrine and reality. What this book does supremely well is to explain – without making moral judgments or ascribing blame – *why* this turn of events flows inevitably from a myopic and fearful settler rule.

COLIN LEYS

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Hutchinson

Science and Culture

T. H. Huxley, Scientist, Humanist and Educator. By CYRIL BIBBY. *Watts.* 25*s.*

Just a hundred years ago Thomas Huxley, at the age of 34, stood ready to enter the great controversy between the new biology and Biblical tradition which was to distinguish his life. Huxley's success – for it was obvious fifty years ago that the new biology had won – owed as much to his general human qualities of seriousness, reverence and integrity, as to his passion and lucidity as a scientist. The merit of this new book by Dr Cyril Bibby is that it shows the weight of these qualities, and of Huxley's consequent contribution, in a more difficult more important if less spectacular debate: that on the relations between science and culture as they were then understood. Unlike the Evolution controversy, this argument is still very much alive, and Dr Bibby's book should certainly be read by all who are interested in this central issue of our time, and in particular by those who are concerned with its effects in education.

After a general chapter on Huxley's life Dr Bibby gives most of his space to detailed accounts of Huxley's work in education. It is a record of committees, commissions, lobbying and syllabus-drafting but these heroic minutes compose an exciting and most impressive record. From the major organisation of scientific and technical education, including important reforms in the older universities, to pioneering in adult education and charting the course of elementary education on the first London School Board, Huxley was not only extraordinarily active and influential, but, in general, exceptionally wise. I spend much of my time, now, fighting one of his concepts, that of the 'educational ladder', but this is historically conditioned and his general purposes are admirable. His outstanding merit was that while constructing a great and necessary scheme of education in science and technology he never lost sight of his human principles that education must be of the whole man and that it must be genuinely democratic, 'because men are men'. He saw literature, history, political economy, and natural science as the fourfold basis of a common education, and we are still so far from achieving this, in any significant way, that we can all take inspiration from him. I note also that in the middle of all his campaigns he found time to fight hard for the distinction of literature from philology at Oxford: this is only one example of his breadth and quality.

The relations between science and culture have been primarily bedevilled by an inadequate definition of both. Their dissociation is the mark, under general social pressures, of a major intellectual distortion; historically by the Romantics on the one hand, by mechanical materialists on the other. It should be obvious, now, that to contrast 'science' and 'the humanities' is to fly against the evidence. Is not biology, for example, a humanity? I know I find more affinity with recent neurology than with most traditional thinking – and, therefore, much current work – in the arts. And the emergence of social studies ought to have ended the absurd dichotomy. When 'science' was narrowed in the nineteenth century, not only to certain subjects, but to the point where it could be thought of as some 'one thing', the change was counterpart to the abstraction and isolation, through 'culture', of activities and ways of thinking for which the drives of a new society made little room. We need now, by a very difficult kind of creative effort, to restore in our minds the fundamental unity of learning, and, fighting as hard as Huxley did against dead concepts and established systems, seek to make a reality of this in our educational arrangements. Our social thinking, it is true, will have to be very different from Huxley's – he was a liberal and a radical in the last period in which these positions could be deeply relevant – but the example of his energy and his courage is still vitally important to our tame stalemated society, and we can be grateful to Dr Bibby for his competent handling of so important a record.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Men in Revolt

Primitive Rebels. By E. J. HOBSBAWM. *Manchester University Press.* 25*s.*

When Lenin and Stalin turned Marxism into a monistic orthodoxy they distorted our view of revolutionary history. For they set up, so to speak, a credentials commission which worked retrospectively. There is an approved list of forerunners – Young Hegelians, English Chartists, French Utopians; there are a few contemporaries of Marx and Engels (though comparatively few because the founders could be pretty sharp-tongued when they differed even with close collaborators), who get honourable mentions; and there is a set of recognised disciples. Most of the rest, from the Blanquists, Proudhonists, Bakuninists and Revisionists to Fabians, Mensheviks and Trotskyists, have been roughly handled. And what is true of the really significant unorthodoxies is even more applicable to lesser sects and rebellions. Too much Marxist research has treated them as if they were being considered for admission to a sectarian Communist cell.

Some amends are now being made for this dogmatic assessment of history. Mr Hobsbawm's fascinating book, for instance, shows how a more tolerant Marxist can illuminate obscure by-ways of social revolt. For he treats the movements he discusses on their merits, not demanding more from them than is proper, but not brushing them aside because they ended in failure, or because their outlook was limited, or because Marx failed to say a good word for them.

This book is primarily concerned with what may be called pre-capitalist revolt – the movements that break out spontaneously when peasant societies, such as those of Sicily or Calabria, are disrupted by war, economic change or unusual hardship. (The history of Ireland, nearer home, would provide some good case-histories of this kind.) Mr Hobsbawm, however, limits himself to the nineteenth century. There may be similarities between, say, the Sicilian social bandit and Robin Hood, or between the break-up of Italian feudalism and the earlier social disintegration in northern Europe which threw up the Anabaptists, the peasant revolts in England and Germany, the Fifth Monarchy Men in the Civil War, but Mr Hobsbawm only hints at the comparisons. He has not relied solely upon documentary evidence: he has taken some trouble to look at the environment in which these outbreaks have occurred. He has been to Casa Viejas, the village in Andalusia where, in 1933, the anarchists simply took over and waited for the rest of the world to join the revolution; to Sicily – and his chapter on the Mafia and another on the Socialist peasant movements of the Nineties are models of crisp analytical writing; to Calabria; and to the Monte Amiata, where the millenarian tradition of Lazzaretti has survived into the modern Communist Party.

As one reads these accounts of heroic but hopeless outbreaks, one is bound to ask what moves men to die in abortive revolt? For none of these primitive rebels made any careful reckoning of the odds, none of them had a clearly defined objective, none of them had a viable revolutionary strategy. We know how, time and again, Blanqui led his small band of conspirators to take the public buildings – as doomed to failure as Connolly's men in the GPO in Dublin. In the same brave way Lazzaretti leads his followers down from the mountain, or the masses swarm out of the Naples slums to die on the barricades, or the Andalusian peasants wait in their stone huts for the army to come and kill them. Part of the answer is the power of millenarian ideas to make men willing to be martyrs; part of it is the isolation of these groups from modern concepts of power and politics. Knowing little of the world beyond their village or their town, they think they can change the world by seizing the village or the town. That is why Russian, or Italian, peasants will take the land, why men in remote mill-towns in North Carolina will strike desperately for prolonged periods, why King Mob will rule until the troops come.

There is, however, much more in this carefully considered book than a lively account of forgotten risings. The reader will gain an insight – though Mr Hobsbawm modestly does not claim as much – into the way, for instance, that the 'mob' of the Middle East capitals is today developing into a modern political movement; into the part that Primitive Methodism and sectarian ritual has played in shaping our modern Labour movement; and into the passions and aspirations that move unknown men to greatness.

Not the least interesting question that this book provokes is one to which the historian may never be able to offer an adequate answer. For, as Mr Hobsbawm points out, the people he describes 'belong to the world of people who neither write nor read many books . . . who are rarely known by name to anybody except their friends, and then often only by nickname, who are normally inarticulate, and rarely understood even when they express themselves . . . they are *pre-political* people'. Yet, one then asks, how strong is a vernacular tradition, what links are there between such people from one generation to the next, so that even in periods of defeat or quiescence, the memory of previous revolts and former leaders is preserved? Anyone who looks at the radical tradition in England must be aware of this undercurrent, and wish that a few more of our unknown rebels had been able to write.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Life of a Chess Master

Emanuel Lasker. By J. HANNAK. Translated by HEINRICH FRAENKEL. *Deutsch.* 25*s.*

I welcome this book, and recommend it. I would welcome it even more if it had an index. Here is a readable, sympathetic, life of Lasker, incorporating over a hundred of his games; with annotations far too brief, but all from good sources. There is a certain sentimentality in the writing, and some quite teutonic thoroughness over inessentials. Thus we have Lasker's school examination papers in maths, which tell us that in Bismarck's Germany the eleven plus was strictly for wranglers. The implications for chess are not worked out. The translation is excellent. But my good friend Assiac will, I hope, forgive me, if I make the observation that however well equipped a stranger may become in English, he will never be well enough equipped to use colloquialism convincingly. On the other hand, his use of colloquialism – however accurate – will expose him. As a sensitive and scholarly Czech once said to me: 'I'm all right until I use the expression "old boy"; then I've had it'. (May I add that Koestler, also, could learn something from this.)

Of Lasker's life, Hannak and Fraenkel have produced a valuable study. But of Lasker's chess their assessment is uncritical – varying from hero-worship to journalistic psychology. In this they have been misled by Reti, whose profundity as a chess-player is not even echoed in his pseudo-philosophic surveys. Reti foisted on the world the belief that Lasker 'played the man' rather than the board. This is an extravagance based on a misunderstanding. Anyone who cares to play through that famous second game against Tarrasch, with the KT-KT5 resource, will realise that Lasker was not trying to trap Tarrasch, he was making a foray for freedom, and would have felt compelled to do so against any opponent. Reti's notes on the play seem to me to be nonsense.

The truth seems rather to be this. First: Lasker was terribly lazy. The authors of the book do not say this, but it is written clearly between the lines. (With more energy he would have been a great mathematician.) I have it from Amos Burn and Gunsberg and Mieses that, in his early tournaments, Lasker was in the habit of driving up to the hall in a barouche or droshky, in order to find himself with twenty moves to make in as little as five minutes. I have it from Loewenfisch that he showed the same inertia when they gave him opportunities for

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World Marxist Review

Vol. 2 No.4 April, 1959

The current issue is now available of this theoretical and information journal of the Communist and Workers' Parties, published in Prague, with an English edition published in London. Articles include:

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mathematical research at Moscow. He was content to 'throw out ideas'. Second: he needed the incentive of difficulty. Then would be manifest his Jewish enthusiasm for an intellectual problem. In situations of difficulty he had a quite wonderful capacity for seeing long and rich lines of play, beyond the immediate skirmish. I doubt whether any player has ever seen further along the perspectives of the board than Lasker did.

From this it follows that he thought in moves, and in combative processes, rather than in 'positions' (as Tarrasch did); and this explains his tendency to invite skirmishing and attacks against him. He could usually see the compensations latent in his own position, and available after his opponent's pressure had achieved some local success. If he had a style (and this is doubtful in one so versatile) it is revealed in a desire for an unbalanced game; a different type of unbalance from that sought by Alekhine, and possibly a greater strain on playing power. To this must be added the fact that he begrudged preparatory moves that might lose tempo; and he frequently made rash ill-considered moves – through haste and laziness – and thereafter had to fight very hard. For the rest, he frequently declared that chess was a struggle. He was very conscious of the truth that there need not be a 'best move'.

To infer from this play, and these views, that he played *ad hominem* is simply loose thinking. No player of any merit makes moves merely to puzzle an opponent – unless his position is desperate indeed. He makes the moves to which he thinks he can refute the replies. As for opponents – a chess player is always playing against himself and his personal limitations. For Lasker, this opponent was sometimes too strong!

GERALD ABRAHAMS

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New Novels

The True Voice. By GERDA CHARLES. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18*s.*

The Englishmen. By LAURENCE LERNER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

Detour Through Devon. By GUY ENDORE. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Jack Would be a Gentleman. By GILLIAN FREEMAN. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

The Hard Blue Sky. By SHIRLEY ANN GRAU. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

'Lindy Frome' is a poor choice for a heroine's name, since it immediately suggests the novelette: and nothing could be farther from the novelette than Miss Gerda Charles's sad, stringent story of a culture-hungry girl from the suburbs who tags along after intellectuals, not in the hope that they will take her to bed, but that they will take her to parties.

Lindy is longing to break out of her stifling Philistine background into the intoxicating world, as she conceives it, of intellectual giants: wherever there is a lecture, there is Lindy, lips parted, eyes dilated, entranced, hopeful. She has got something of a start, since she has for her lover a perfectly beastly poet, one of the beastliest men, I think, in modern literature. He is past the best of his fame, such as it was, and so is prepared to tolerate Lindy: it is typical of her that when his brutality gets too much even for her to bear, she flies like a homing pigeon to the lukewarm platonic embraces of a romantic 'Thirties' politician who has also shot his bolt. What she doesn't realise until the end, is that she herself is worth a dozen of these admired derelicts who have so quietly preyed upon her.

> In the end, *feeling* is the most powerful of all social weapons. Which of us can resist the display of a bared heart? Who can help being drawn towards those who have the courage to show themselves in all their selfishness, pathos, vanity and guilt; who are not afraid, as we are, to display their vulnerabilities to the world?

Lindy took her heart to a party and nobody asked her to play. This is the theme of a very remarkable and almost dauntingly truthful novel. It is quite free of self-pity. The tongue isn't in the cheek, but it flickers in that direction just often enough to give strength to a book which in other hands might just have been a protracted grudge.

The story of *The Englishmen* is worked out in a boys' school near Cape Town, and the 'eye' of the book is that of Richard Baxton, a young South African of liberal opinions. Two new masters join in the same term: Franklin, a hearty cleric, who has seen a lot of the world and is instantly popular, and Tracy, a Cambridge graduate of strong left-wing opinions, eccentric appearance and scruffy private morals. Richard's instinct is to approve the views of Tracy, who finds the racialist atmosphere of the school repulsive; but he is torn by jealousy, for his fiancée Sara, is the only other person in the school who can tolerate Tracy at all. As an example to the boys, indeed, Tracy is scarcely shining; yet he is a strong and courageous man, like a rock where his political and social principles are concerned. The crisis comes when an assault upon a coloured servant is left unpunished, and Baxton has to choose between the hearty coward's way of Franklin, or the disreputable hero's way of Tracy. This is an interesting novel, and of course an alarming one; it is one thing to know about the racial policies of the South African administration, and another to have those results thrust under one's nose, as this book thrusts them. There is, incidentally, a very fine Saniette-like portrait of a teacher of Afrikaans who is the butt of the school. *The Englishman* is a bit too long and repetitious; I don't think it was very firmly planned.

Detour Through Devon is an etymological thriller. What (you may well ask) is that? Well, it is like nothing else I have ever read or expect to read, and I found it enthralling. This Devon is in Indiana: and the hero, a philologist, has reluctantly returned to the town he ran away from four years ago after he had stood trial for murder. What he cares about more than anything else is words, and he sees the whole of life, even of his own driven and calumniated life, in the terms of their significance. This isn't a thriller with etymology thrown in. The story and the 'words' are welded together so tightly that they are inseparable. A chop is more than a chip. A sop is more than a sip. 'Loot is more than a lot, and lot is more than lit(tle).' Finally, and it is the triumphant conclusion and solution of the book, 'To mate is more than to meet. And to love is more than to live.' I must be allowed my occasional hardly unanalysable enthusiasms. *Detour Through Devon* is one of them.

Miss Gillian Freeman, who brought a certain amount of poetry to her story of class-conflict, *The Liberty Man*, drops it right out of *Jack Would be a Gentleman*, and the loss is a serious one. It is a novel full of journalistic interest. A house-painter wins £50,000 in the pools. What difference does it make to his life? Suppose his wife wants to put on the dog and he doesn't? What is the effect on the children? Well, Miss Freeman's story has a ring of authenticity; but she is capable of far better than this. Jack and Beat are realised as pools winners, but not as people: what they do is far too 'expected'. Indeed, she falls into the old trap of treating her working-class characters as though they were really big babies. She doesn't condescend, and she is kind: but as her poetic insight has failed her this time, so has her insight into the differentiation between human beings within the bounds of class, and independent of them.

One has been ruffled by the American publisher who denounces books from this side as being 'too English'. We are so conditioned by the films that we don't often find novels from the US 'too American'; Tobacco Road might be no more than a mile from Brixton Hill. But certainly Miss Shirley Ann Grau's primitives on an island off the coast of Louisiana are a little hard at first to grasp in the round, as they fish, scrap and cope with hurricanes. We don't know enough to start with, as it were. The book is far, far too long, and as the texture is loose, cutting would have been easy and profitable. Miss Grau writes very well, of course, but her intentions are at the moment uncertain.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Chatto and Windus have published the third volume of William Faulkner's collected stories – *Mr Martino and other stories* (15s). For Fabers, Edmund Crispin has edited *Best Detective Stories* (15s.) and Eric Duthie, *Tall Stories* (18s.). New Penguin volumes of stories are Moravia's *Roman Tales*, Angus Wilson's *The Wrong Set*, and H. E. Bates's *The Daffodil Sky* (2s 6d. each). Other new Penguins are C. P. Snow's *The New Men* and Aldous Huxley's *Doors of Perception;* and *Heaven and Hell* (2s. 6d. each). Olive Schreiner's story of the early days of white settlement in Mashonaland, *Trooper Peter Halket* has been reissued by Benn as a paper-back (3s.) with a foreword by Father Trevor Huddleston.

Shorter Reviews

Dictionary of Obsolete English. By RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH, DD, Archbishop of Dublin. *Owen.* 35s.

'Dr Trench has provided many quotations as examples of his definitions', says the blurb. More exactly, Dr Trench, who was Archbishop of Dublin from 1864 to 1884, did provide many examples of his definitions – precisely one hundred years ago. But then the book in which he provided them was called *A Select Glossary of English Words Used Formerly in Senses Different from Their Present.* This new edition, title changed but no change reported to the reader, is a straight reproduction of the first of 1859. But is there any indication on jacket or fly-leaves of this? Is there any indication that Dr Trench is not still Archbishop of Dublin? No. Readers prepared to spend thirty-five bob on a work of English philology deserve better than this.

W. A.

The Australian Legend. By RUSSEL WARD. *Oxford.* 45s.

English readers, accustomed to thinking of Australia as an antipodean extension of our own society, may be surprised and intrigued by Dr Ward's application of F. J. Turner's 'frontier' thesis to the outback. In the Australian bush, he argues, the self-image of Australia was created by the bushmen, shearers, diggers – men with predominantly working-class, egalitarian and anti-authoritarian attitudes – who developed a distinctive way of life. By the end of the nineteenth century this ethos was translated into modern trade unionism and made self-conscious by the literary nationalism of Furphy, Lawson and Patterson. It has now, he says, become 'the principal ingredient of a national *mystique*'.

The argument is sustained by careful examination of the social characteristics of life in the outback in the formative years between 1830 and 1890, and illustrated by a great deal of vernacular material – diaries, travellers' reports, bush ballads and folk-lore – which makes this book entertaining as well as stimulating. It is, indeed, eminently readable, and it should make a particular appeal to anyone who is interested in the similarities and disparities between the Australian frontier and the American West. It is a pity that it stops short at the crux of the argument: it is easy to identify certain contemporary Australian attitudes with the *mores* of the outback, but Dr Ward has not shown how these values were carried into and adopted by the predominantly urban population of Australia today. The legend may be convincingly recounted. But what makes the legend accepted by the Sydney suburbanite? Or is it, in fact, accepted? Perhaps Dr Ward will follow his analysis through in another book which will answer the further questions raised by this unusual essay in Australian self-consciousness.

N. M.

Music in English Education. By NOEL LONG. *Faber.* 21s.

Tortured sounds from the school orchestra, the obligatory speech-day choir, the inadequacies of 'appreciation' – this is often the sum of a child's musical education: no wonder that many a potential taste is killed for ever, or delayed until a time when wage-earning, family and lack of facilities make education in music impossible. Such is the background to Mr Long's searching, sober book. He examines the place of music in the average grammar school, the chance a talented child will have to learn an instrument or an interested one to begin the (often underrated) task of listening to music. He concludes his survey in the universities and academies from which the teachers who bear such an overwhelming, anonymous responsibility for the musical health of the country are drawn. His criticisms are perceptive, well-directed and will chime with the experience of all who have had anything to do with the subject. 'Music is less an option than an extra': this is still the unspoken assumption in far too many schools.

Yet Mr Long stresses convincingly enough the value of music not only for its own sake but also as a humanist study which moulds the personality as surely as other academic disciplines. His many constructive suggestions are sound. Thorough, a bit solemn, the book at first gives off the distinctive, heavy odour of the post-graduate thesis from which it sprang, but soon it becomes a compelling plea for a complete overhaul of our attitude to music in education.

H. W.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,522 **Set by Brian Hill**

The usual prizes are offered for a translation of this poem by Clément Marot. Entries by 5 May.

Monsieur l'Abbé et monsieur son valet
Sont faictz egaulx tous deux comme de cire:
L'un est grand fol, l'autre petit folet;
L'un veult railler, l'autre gaudir et rire;
L'un boit du bon, l'autre ne boit du pire;
Mais un débat au soir entre eulx s'esmeut,
Car maistre abbé toute la nuict ne veult
Estre sans vin, que suns secours ne meure,
Et son valet jamais dormir ne peult
Tandis qu'au pot une goute en demeure.

Result of No. 1,519 **Set by Buzfuz**

Competitors are asked to commemorate the centenary of the publication of Fitzgerald's version of the Rubaiyat by composing a message of four quatrains from *Omar Khayyam* to the world of 1959.

Report

Maybe Omar's message to the present day would have touched on nuclear warfare but, even with the variant of an element of pro-Aldermaston-marching propaganda, it made for a sameness throughout the greater part of the entry – and for a pretty high percentage of triteness and of clichés, though I liked R. A. McKenzie's:

Tomorrow? – Why, tomorrow you may be
Yourself the Fall-out over Seven Seas.

More poetic was Barbara Roe, with

Then, looking round, I saw that Man's Domain,
Of Nothing born, was Nothing once again;
Only a lost and panic-stricken Moon
Called for her Pilot Star, and called in vain.

I suggest prizes of two guineas each to J. A. Lindon and Allan M. Laing, and a guinea to T. R. Johnson. Commendation to D. A. J. S., Vera Telfer, A. M. Sayers, J. W. Smeed, R. W. Rawlings, Rhoda Tuck Pook and Blanchemaine.

I tell you: on an Evening yet unborn
Some new Khayyám shall part the waving Corn,
To find old Hummocks of forgotten Times,
And bring to light your Cities of the Morn.

From dull red Earth draw Weapons thick with Rust,
Old Wheels through which great Roots of Oak have thrust;
And raising treasured Relics of your Day,
Shall marvel at them as they fall to Dust.

Dust – all your Figureheads of Church and State!
Dust – your brave Ministers of War and Hate!
Dust – your young Queen, her Sceptre and her Crown!
Dust – all of You, her Subjects, poor and great!

And that unborn Khayyám shall sigh, and say:
'How soon Earth's Majesty doth pass away!
Come! Come with young Khayyám, while Life remains,
And Wine is in the Jug, and still is Day!'

J. A. LINDON

The Centuries, with mingled Woes and Fears,
Roll on and bring but sad Increase of Tears:
The Poet-Singer, peering from his Tomb,
Rhymes not with Hope the last Eight Hundred Years.

What Worth your Flying Ships and Iron Ways,
When Care on every Brow a Wrinkle lays?
Your Hakims banish Pestilence and Pain,
But War, the worst of Pestilences, stays.

Gaily your Scientists accept their Load
And travel heedlessly the fatal Road:
With tireless Zeal they search Earth's Secrets out –
Their Aim? To make the Universe explode!

Take Heed: if that last Rocket shall go up,
Think not with Omar in the Shades to sup!
For such as You Heav'n's Vintner has prepared
The last Frustration of an empty Cup.

ALLAN M. LAING

Myself when young could never surely find
A message for our sad and perverse kind,
But, ageing, coaxed some friend like thee to share
My Paradise, the sages left behind.

Nor canst thou, hapless, find such bliss today,
With sliced white bread and vintners hard to pay,
And verse obscure and, where my maiden sang,
Some damsel crooning transatlantic lay.

And for that once delightful wilderness
That formed my modest Paradise, confess,
When on its crowded grass a foot thou'lt set,
How many ice-cream cartons must it press?

And though thyself, flown full with pride, not wine,
May find in space a better world than mine,
Nor all thy piety nor all thy wit
Shall hold thee back from making it as thine.

T. R. JOHNSON

BJPS

The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science

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The Propensity Theory of Probability — K. R. POPPER

DISCUSSIONS

Notes on F. R. Feyerabend's Criticisms of Positivism — R. HARRÉ
The Falsifiability of the Lorentz-Fitzgerald Contraction Hypothesis — ADOLF GRÜNBAUM
The Degree of Falsifiability or 'ad hocness' of the Contraction Hypothesis — K. R. POPPER
Communicable and Incommunicable Realities — N. NARUYANA

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City Lights

Two Can Live Cheaper Than One

The insurance man has a hard time of it in America. The rates he may charge are strictly regulated in that home of free enterprise by state commissioners appointed politically and keenly aware of the public's reluctance to pay more for anything. When costs are rising, when a recession produces an unaccountable increase in fire claims and the cost of motor accidents is growing steadily with the size of each year's new model, this stickiness of rates can be tiresome. American underwriters have been losing money since 1956.

You may well ask, therefore, why British insurance firms – there are about 25 of them operating in America, accounting for perhaps six per cent. of the non-life market – do not simply pack their bags and move where life is easier. One firm did in fact do so at the end of last year and others may follow its example. But the majority seem to think that the American market is too important to give up at a time when competition for insurance business is becoming fiercer the world over.

This sort of reasoning assumes an insurance company large enough to stand the racket and grab the turnover. Size is the thing to go for in America, and proposals have been announced this week for a merger between two companies which do a considerable part of their business there, Commercial Union and North British & Mercantile. It is much the largest insurance merger for years, involving assets of over £300m, and the new group will be the second largest British operator in the American market. North British shareholders stand to gain handsomely out of the merger terms, and the two boards have been congratulated by the press on the care, certainly uncommon, with which their discussions were kept secret. Irritated punters are now looking busily around for other insurance companies which might be taken over.

* * *

When the LCC flops, it flops on the grand scale. Needing to borrow, anxious to fund some of its short-term debt and resigned to the fact that long-term interest rates were unlikely to come down in a rush, the Council recently decided to make another issue of stock. It was a £25m issue, the largest ever made by a local authority, and the biggest failure. When the Council made an issue a year ago, the terms were pitched a little too low, and it was stagged heavily. This year the Council insisted that any error of judgment should be in the other direction, the terms were pitched too high, and 94 per cent. of the issue was left with the underwriters.

It was plain from the outset that the issue would flop, so souring the atmosphere for any smaller local authority which may want to come to market in the immediate future. The underwriters, however, could do nothing: the underwriting of issues like this is doled out among a short list of financial institutions by the government broker and none of them dares turn down unprofitable business for fear of not being offered juicy business on some other occasion. The fact that some business is likely to be relatively unprofitable and some very profitable indeed is due to Grandma, who has the ultimate responsibility for settling issue terms. She often seems – as on this occasion – to be strangely out of touch with the market.

* * *

The old dilemma, whether a trade association should merely act as a pressure group for its members or should attempt to impose standards on them, is at its most acute where money is concerned. The Building Societies Association has made the best of both worlds by persuading the government to reward societies which observe its own recommended but neglected standards. The unit trusts, however, are still finding it difficult to reconcile those who want an association merely to screw concessions out of the Chancellor with those who want it to impose standards of trading. Now the HP finance houses are experiencing the same difficulty. Moved by a strong hint from Grandma that it would be convenient for all finance houses to belong to one of the existing associations, the Finance Houses Association, a long-established club of the largest houses, has relaxed its rules to allow smaller houses to join. This decision is troubling the Industrial Bankers Association, a younger group of 14 medium-sized houses which imposes fairly strict standards of conduct on its members. Not only does the FHA possess a certain snob appeal but it does not insist on hard-and-fast trading standards. If the competition for members becomes fiercer, are the Industrial Bankers to adapt their principles to circumstances?

TAURUS

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETINGS

WOOLWICH
(Royal Arsenal Co-operative)
R.A.S.C. Central Store, Powis St., S.E.18.
April 28th 12 noon — 2 p.m.
BERT ORAM, M.P.
The Shadow of Hiroshima

MANCHESTER
Free Trade Hall May 1 7.30 p.m.
BERTRAND RUSSELL, REV. MICHAEL SCOTT, PROF. J. ROTBLAT, ANTOINETTE PIRIE, FRANK ALLAUN, M.P., HARRY KNIGHT, LORD SIMON OF WYTHENSHAWE

GLASGOW
Protest March Saturday May 2
Assemble: Claremont St. off Sauchiehall St. 2.30 p.m.
Final Rally: Kelvingrove Park 4 p.m.

Further particulars from Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 143, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. FLE 4175

The Hard Blue Sky is "a first novel and an impressive one... a haunting book and a splendid beginning to a career as a major novelist." *Vernon Fane, Sphere*

Shirley Ann Grau, author of 'The Hard Blue Sky'

The Chess Board

No. 493. Grand Old Professional

Very much a professional but not all that old, for he is merely 43 (and he looks ten years younger). Who? Why, Keres of course, quite a 'veteran' by now among the top-grandmasters and consistently at the top ever since, as a boy of 19, he surprised the world by outscoring all the grandmasters at the top-boards of the Warsaw Team Tournament of 1935. And while he was not yet or barely out of his 'teens he went on to further triumphs at Nauheim (1st and 2nd with Alekhine), Semmering and the great Avro contest of grandmasters. From Pernau 1929 (where, a boy of 13, he came 2nd in the local championship) to Hastings 1957/8, he played in 61 tournaments, did well in most of them and scored 1st in 13 International Master Tournaments from Semmering 1937 to Mar la Plata 1957. He also won seven matches, did well in eight Team Tournaments, composed more than 100 problems and endgame studies and enriched opening theory by some important books. What a record for one so young in years, even though so ripe in seniority! I took these interesting statistics from the Finnish master's *Esmo Ridala's* brief (all too brief!) Keres-biography *Turniere, Taten und Erfolge* just published by *de Gruyter*, Berlin at *DM* 8.80. The well-diagrammed booklet (116 pp.) contains a dozen useful tournament tables and 51 well-selected and annotated games, my grudge being that, alas, there isn't a single game of the schoolboy period when, from the wilds of the Estonian countryside, young Keres used to conduct as many as 150 correspondence games at the same time (and there were quite some stunners among them). Here's one of the sensations of the Warsaw Team Tournament of 1935, with our own Willy Winter as the victim.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3; (3) P-K5, Kt-Q4; (4) Kt-B3, P-K3; (5) KtxKt, PxKt; (6) P-Q4, P-Q3; (7) B-KKt5, Q-R4 ch; (8) P-B3, PxQP; (9) B-Q3! [A novelty introduced by young Keres]. PxP; (10) O-O, PxKtP too greedy; (11) R-Kt1, PxP; (12) KtxP, B-Q3; (13) KtxP!!, KxKt; (14) Q-R5 ch, P-Kt3; (15) BxP ch! PxB; (16) QxR, B-KB4; (17) KR-K1, B-K5; (18) RxB!, PxR; (19) Q-B6 ch, resigns.

Keres's 'wild' style of those years soon matured to proper grandmastery, and here it is in finest vintage; Keres's victory over Botvinnik in the Alekhine Memorial Tournament at Moscow 1956.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-Q4, PxP; (4) KtxP, Kt-B3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-Q3; (6) B-KKt5, P-K3; (7) Q-Q2 [Keres prefers the Rauser variation to his very own (7) Q-Q3], P-KR3; (8) BxKt, PxB; (9) O-O-O P-R3; (10) P-B4, P-KR4; (11) K-Kt1 B-Q2; (12) B-K2, Q-Kt3; (13) Kt-Kt3, O-O-O; (14) KR-B1, Kt-R4; (15) R-B3, KtxKt; (16) RPxKt, K-Kt1? (Q-R4!); (17) Kt-R4, Q-R2 [He mustn't swap, so as not to concede White his QKt3 as a splendid attacking-post for the R]; (18) P-B5!, B-K2; (19) PxP, PxP; (20) RxP!! [Botvinnik had overlooked this forceful move. Evidently he mustn't take the R on account of QxP ch etc.], R-R2; (21) R-Kt6, P-Kt4; (22) Kt-B3, Q-B4; (23) Kt-R2! [That Kt's itinerary aims at KB4 whence to exercise a domineering position], K-R2; (24) Kt-Kt4, R-KB1; (25) B-B3, P-R5; (26) P-R3, B-B1; (27) Kt-Q3, Q-B2; (28) Kt-B4, R-B3; (29) B-Kt4, RxR; (30) KtxR, B-Kt2; (31) BxP, B-Q1; (32) B-Q5. BxB; (33) QxB, resigns.

A: Paul Keres 1955

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position brilliantly concluded by White. **B**, a win, and **C**, a draw, are both 'classics' and not too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively.

Usual prizes. Entries by 4 May.

B: A. A. Troitzky 1922

C: H. Mattison 1922

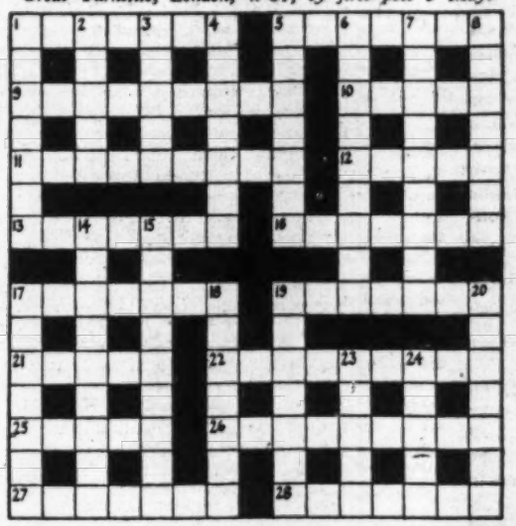
REPORT on No. 490. Set 4 April.

A: (24) R-K7!, RxR; (25) BxB, resigns.
B: (1) R-Q3 ch, K-R5 (best); (2) P-B7, R-B5, (3) R-Q4, RxR ch; (4) Kt-Q3!, RxKt ch; (5) K-B2 etc.
(4) . . . R-B5 refuted by Kt-Kt2 ch etc.
C: (1) Kt-Kt7!, RxP; (2) R-B5 ch, K-Q5; (3) R-B4 ch!, K-K4!; (4) RxB, K-B3; (5) Kt-K8 ch, K-B2; (6) R-B8; R-K3 ch; (7) K-Q1!, R-KKt3; (8) Kt-B7, R-QB3; (9) K-Q2! etc.

Not too easy a lot. Prizes: C. Allen, K. Beaumont, J. R. Harman, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Sobey. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 352

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 352, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 5 May.



ACROSS

1. There is something which hurts in most of the finest holiday places (7).
5. Where to get transport for one who is faddy about a sailor (7).
9. A novelist includes a period for a pipe (9).
10. Pale as the woman in the article (5).
11. It helps in food production but may make her starve (9).
12. Weaken as the penniless come back after the penny (5).
13. The communist has to run before heaven (7).
16. What the retired have for a place to stay in (7).
17. Climbed for somewhere to stay in the hut (7).
19. The hounds for bachelors' coteries (7).
21. Girl who is something well worth having back (5).
22. Marriage broken up about the name for a foodstuff (9).
25. Name for a concealed hoard (5).
26. The soldiers ask to be supplied with falsehoods (9).
27. The Russian has an island to plunder (7).
28. Wander like the two of us cockneys? (7).

DOWN

1. Distance which makes salutations ardent (7).
2. In a manuscript this flower would make great writers (5).
3. 'Hard is to teach an old —— amble true' (20) (5).
4. Dark-skinned and bashful about a disfigurement (7).
5. Spell for a vessel on a journey (7).
6. Wodehouse's castle (9).
7. Goddess strangely atrophied (9).
8. Outstanding person with ruler and fastener (7).
14. Love errands for failures (9).
15. The philosopher starts as a bringer of gifts (9).
17. Involving criticism of folly and vice (7).
18. Television personality the stupid scoff at (7).
19. Tedium for a revolutionary amid intense activity (7).
20. 'Our sage and serious poet ——' (Milton) (7).
23. Courts, when they rise, give public expression to their gratitude (5).
24. I competed, covered with evergreens (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 350

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 350

F. R. Oliver (Exeter)
W. Webber (Oxford)
Mrs M. A. Bonner (London W4)

PERSONAL

SECRETARY wtd few hours week help on unpaid social film. Hampstead. Box 7801.

SWISS girl 19, English student, wishes live with family London area paying guest six months May. Box 7833.

GERMAN boy seeks hospitality as p.g. during part July/August. Box 7852.

WELL-bred Italian girl, age 23, fluent English, seeks visit family au pair, preferably London, July-September. Write Mariella Caputo, Via Lucillio 26, Rome.

YOUNG woman teacher, adaptable, with child 2 years seeks work July, August, September, home or abroad. Box 7985.

BOOKSELLER, 40's, desires car sest Italy early May. Share expenses. Box 7986.

YOUNG couple wanted to share car trip to Spain mid June. STA. 7549.

DALMATIA. Aug., small informal 2/3 centre camping party. Write Box 7790.

SET of Linguaphone or Assimil second-hand records in Italian reqd. Box 7941.

MODERN bungalow, Bantry Bay; private grounds, sea. Free Aug./Sept. Box 7910.

BRUSH up your Russian in the quiet of English countryside. Family atmosphere, expert tuition. Box 7636.

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HERTS – s/c. 2-roomed flat, unfurnished or part, suit 1 or 2, exchange occasional help house, grandchildren. Converted country house, easy access London. Box 7853.

BLANKENBERGE flats to let; write reqs. (s.a.e.) 60 Preston Rd, Westcliff on Sea.

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KRUPP. Author would be grateful for information from or about anybody who did wartime slave labour in Krupps German armaments factories. Box 7902.

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PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

PERSONAL—continued

ROME. Artist's flat avail. 1 July 10 wks. Resident maid, all comf., v. central. Mod. E.H., Via Romagnosi 20/14, Rome, Italy.

CEYLON student, 19, arriving London September. Father top-ranking official, Ceylon Government, cultured home, desires contact English family willing extend hospitality son paying guest. Box 7508.

OPPORTUNITY for English children to spend holiday with group of French children in woodland property, Chilterns. Apply Town & Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, London, NW3. SWI. 3391.

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PERSONAL—continued

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

Notice is given that the DIRECTORSHIP OF THE INSTITUTE OF STATISTICS is now vacant. The stipend of the Directorship will be £2,500 a year, plus children's allowances. The Electors intend to proceed to an election and invite applications in eight copies, naming three referees, but without testimonials, to be received not later than 2 May 1959 by the Registrar, University Registry, Oxford, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

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. . . . then we have the perfect post and the perfect Chief for you. Mutual appreciation is guaranteed. THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT, 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

UNIVERSITY College of Ghana. Managership of the University Bookshop. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons for appointment as Manager of the University Bookshop. Applicants should have had experience in a publishing firm or a large bookshop or in both. Appointment for three years initially with possibility of renewal for two further years. Salary according to qualifications and experience within the range £G1,100 to £G1,800; gratuity £G150 per annum. Family allowance of £G100 p.a. for each child (maximum £G500). Outfit allowance £G60; passages for appointee, his wife and children (maximum five children), on first appointment, annual leave and on proper completion of appointment. Part-furnished quarters at rent not exceeding 7.5% of salary. Detailed applications (six copies) naming three referees, to be received before 16 May 1959 by the Assistant Registrar (London), 29 Tavistock Square, London, WC1, or the Registrar, University College of Ghana, PO Box 25, Legon, Accra, from either of whom further particulars may be obtained.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Welfare Department. Welfare Services for the Physically Handicapped, including the Blind. Qualified and experienced caseworkers, preferably with training and/or experience in supervision, are invited to apply for one of two posts of Casework Officer. Salary £725—£845 per annum. Further information from County Welfare Officer, County Hall, West Bridgford, Nottingham. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Queensland, Australia. Professor of Public Law. Applications are invited for the above appointment. Applicants should have held a senior teaching position at a University or attained a senior status in professional practice, and have specialised and carried out substantial research in a field of Public Law, preferably in Australian Constitutional Law or in Administrative Law. The salary is £A3,500 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Queensland, St Lucia, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. Applns close, in Australia and London, on 31 July, 1959.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Appointment of Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above post. Preference will be given to applicants who are qualified in either History of Education and Comparative Education or Educational Sociology. The salary will be £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 1 June, 1959.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer and Senior Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned posts. The salary for a Lecturer is £1,025 by £50 to £1,275 per annum, and for a Senior Lecturer £1,315 by £50 to £1,615 per annum, the initial salary in each case being determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 15 June 1959.

BBC requires Talks Producer, North American Service. Duties include formulation of ideas for, and production of discussions, talks and talks features for re-broadcasting in North America. Essential qualifications: sound education, good general knowledge, appreciation of style of the spoken and written word, imagination, tact and sympathetic interest in men and women of all kinds. Interest in current affairs, first-hand knowledge of United States and Canada, their people and affairs and some experience of writing, an advantage. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1091 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC invites applications for posts as Arabic Monitors at Caversham near Reading. Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Thorough knowledge of classical Arabic, perfect hearing, good grasp of world affairs, ability to type and to translate into good English essential. Knowledge of Swahili and/or another African language an advantage. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £825 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range £970 – £1,340 when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1092 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LONDON County Council. Secondary. Applications invited for the following Secondary School Headship. Form TS/10 obtainable from (S.A.E.F.) and returnable to the Education Officer (TS/10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, SE1. Candidates who have completed Form TS/10 within the last year and have nothing to alter may apply on Form TS/10B. Closing date 2 May. New Secondary School at Abbey Wood Estate, Woolwich, London, SE2. Headmaster or Headmistress required for this school which will open in September 1959, temporarily in newly built primary school premises and which will transfer to its own new premises probably in September 1961. The school will recruit first year boys and girls in September 1959. It is estimated that the roll will rise to about 480 by the time the school is transferred to its new premises which will accommodate about 1,200 pupils. Burnham Group XVII, based on an estimated unit total of 1860 for 1963. The school will recruit from a wide range of ability and will eventually provide a wide variety of courses including some leading to GCE all levels. There will also be facilities for instruction in Housecraft, Needlecraft, Commerce, Handicraft and Engineering. Applicants should have high academic quals, organising ability and a strong interest in whole field of Secondary education. Previous applicants should advise by letter if they wish to be reconsidered.

HENDON School of Languages req. pt-time: Experienced teachers of European languages & of English for foreigners. Also an evg receptionist. Full det. please Box 7896.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in Anthropology. Applications are invited for the above position. Preference will be given to candidates interested and with research experience either in Western industrial societies or in Africa. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200-80-£2,600 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,500-90-£2,100 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustment will be allowed. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married man may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 6 June 1959.

ROYAL Commission on Ancient Monuments in Wales and Monmouthshire: Investigator. Pensionable post for man or woman at least 20 on 1.1.59. Qualifications: normally 1st or 2nd class honours degree; knowledge of history of architecture or applied art, or archaeology of Britain essential; training or experience in any of the following an advantage – Welsh history and literature, preparation of detailed surveys, architectural drawing, heraldry, ecclesiastical furnishings, photography. Final year students may apply. Starting salary (men) within scale £615-£1,120. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 4966/59. Closing date 5 May, 1959.

WEST Sussex Education Committee. Sarah Robinson County Secondary School, Crawley. Mistress required for one year from September 1959 to specialise in Girls' Physical Education. Vacancy covers the year's absence of present teacher who is taking an extended specialist course. Her furnished flat will be available for rental if required. Applications from Director of Education, County Hall, Chichester, on receipt of s.a.e.

ESSEX Education Committee. Youth Employment Service. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment as Careers Advisory Officer for older school leavers, particularly from Grammar and Technical Schools. Candidates should be graduates with experience of vocational guidance and placing. Salary scale £845 × 35 – £1,025. Application forms available (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

NEWCASTLE General Hospital. Child Psychiatry Unit. Clinical Psychologist. A full-time Psychologist required for the above Unit which is associated with King's College Medical School, University of Durham, and is a part of the Professional Department of Psychological Medicine. The Unit is the Training Centre in Child Psychiatry for the region and undertakes undergraduate and postgraduate teaching as well as research. The person appointed may be graded as Clinical Psychologist or Senior Clinical Psychologist according to qualifications and experience. Applications, together with names and addresses of three referees, should be sent to the Secretary, Newcastle General Hospital, Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne 4, from whom any further information can be obtained.

WARLINGHAM Park Hospital, Warlingham, Surrey. Applications are invited for a post of Psychiatric Social Worker, based on Warlingham Park Hospital and dealing mainly with adult in-patients and out-patients. The hospital already has two fully qualified PSWs. It has an unusually wide variety of inpatient and extra-mural mental health activities. It plans further developments of its day centre and domiciliary services and experiments in the field of rehabilitation. Candidates should hold one of the recognised diplomas. Whitley Council salary and conditions of service. Applications on forms obtainable from the Physician Superintendent should be submitted as soon as possible.

ST JOHN'S and Manor House Hospital Management Committee, St John's Hospital, Stone, Nr. Aylesbury, Bucks. Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker to work with the Psychiatric Social Worker at St John's Hospital, a Mental Hospital with 800 beds and an extensive out-patient service. Candidates must hold a certificate approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers or a Social Science Diploma or degree in Social Science. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council scales. Applics, with 2 names for ref., should be sent to the Physician Supt, St John's Hospital, forthwith.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s 8d per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220-4 London Road, Chelmsford.

VOLUNTARY organisation working in human relations field req. Secretary-Shorthand-Typist. No Sats. Write stating exper. & salary reqd to CCJ, 162a Strand, WC2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, Devon. Required in September, man or woman to take charge of the English teaching in the Senior School (110 boys and girls aged 13 to 18) up to University Scholarship standard. Single woman preferred but not essential. Full scope for initiative and trying out of new ideas. Salary Burnham Scale. Apply, giving details of experience and references, to the Joint Principals.

LONDON County Council. Education Officer's Department. Experienced Social Workers, designated Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work, required to recruit, train and advise voluntary workers forming care committees attached to London Schools. Opportunities for wide and varied work dealing with school children in their family relationships. Social science qualifications and/or experience of family case work desirable. £592 10s. × £37 10s. – £742 10s. × £35 – £777 10s. × £15 – £792 10s. Commencing according to qualifications and experience. Application forms with details returnable by 2 May, from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/Z), County Hall, London, SE1. (803)

PART-time Occupational Therapist for The Dolly Ross Holiday Home for the Blind, Braemar Royal, Grand Ave, W. Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants. Apply: The Matron.

PHYSICS. Graduate Woman Tutor reqd for part-time work, London, W1. Box 7957.

THE John Lewis Partnership invites applications from women between the ages of 25 and 40 and willing to work in any part of the country, for training for management posts in the retail trade. Pay during training not less than £550 a year. All workers are partners and share all profits, with good holidays, sick pay, shopping discount, subsidised meals and non-contributory pension scheme. Women with a real interest in shopkeeping should apply, giving full particulars including education and career to the present time, to the Director of Personnel, John Lewis & Co. Ltd, Oxford Street, W1, within two weeks of the date of this advertisement. Applications will not be acknowledged before 16 May.

EDITORIAL Assistant (part-time) required for perfumery trade and technical journal. Preferably young man of BSc. standard, some laboratory experience and writing ability. Prospect of editorship at later date. Full details to Box 7668.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind requires Personal Secretary with good sh.-typing speeds. 9-5.30. 5-day wk. Pension Scheme, Luncheon Vouchers. Write partics of age, experience & salary reqd. Staff Secretary, 224 Gt Portland St, W1. EUS. 5251.

TOYNBEE Hall. Part-time Secretary for Committee of Enquiry required for approx. 6 months. Apply for details to The Sec., Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial St, E1.

CAMPAIGN for Nuclear Disarmament, 143 Fleet Street, EC4 (FLE. 4175) requires Secretary/Shorthand/Typist.

FINE Art Booksellers (nr British Museum) req. educated lady, 25 to 40, for secretarial and clerical work and cataloguing of new and second-hand books. Accuracy essential, languages an advantage, but English mother tongue. No Sats. Handwritten applications, stating age, experience, salary reqd. Box 7890.

SECRETARY required by the directors of a company engaged in all forms of film production. Wages according to age and experience. Informal atmosphere. Box 8007.

SECRETARY: 1-2 days a week required. Fluent German essential. Small office N London. Hours can be arranged to suit married woman. Box 7897.

YOUNG lady assistants with some knowledge of crafts required for handicrafts showroom. Congenial surroundings and good prospects. Apply The Manageress, Dryac Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St, WC1.

TOP Secretarial & Accountancy posts. Please write St Paul's Agency, 35 Copthall Ave, EC2. NAT. 9494.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists. Few days a week or longer. Details Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St, Leicester Square. GER. 3249.

AT any age nothing is more important than the right career. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37A Devonshire Street, W1. Tel. WELbeck 8017.

ADULT Education Centre seeks maintenance man to join house-team. Write Warden, Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

NHS doctor in SE Lancs. industrial town wants working housekeeper. Widower with 3 children away at school. Box 7854.

FOR Canada from Sept. to June, young woman to look after two children, live with family. 'Phone BEL. 3873.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LADY (25), able to do shorthand & typ. sks intg & varied occupation. Wd like to combine secretarial duties with any other work, but pref. with infant teaching. Box 7997.

ACCOUNTANT/Office Manager, good organiser, sales and publicity experience, requires worthwhile post. Box 7848.

AMERICAN woman graduate, considerable teaching experience, seeks position in good private junior school, stm. position off. in California if req. $3,000 p.a. Box 7688.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 592

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'The Non-Bantu Peoples from Angola'; (i) 'Mucuepes'—A Native People from the Moçâmedes Desert; (ii) 'Bushmen from Angola'; (iii) 'Muquedes'—an Hottentot Tribe from Angola, will be delivered by Professor A. de Almeida (Lisbon) at 5.30 p.m. on 4, 5 and 7 May at the School of Oriental and African Studies, Univ. of London, WC1. Adm. free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled (i) 'Basic Elements of Moral Education in the General Secondary School in the Soviet Union'; (ii) 'Education of Students in the Spirit of Patriotism, Peace and Friendship amongst the Nations'; (iii) 'Moral Education of Children in a Group' will be delivered by Academician I. A. Kairov (Moscow) at 5.30 p.m. on 4, 5 and 8 May at the Institute of Education, Univ. of London, WC1. Adm. free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Pletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 28-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W.14. PARK 8392.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law, and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

RUSSIAN, French, German, Spanish, Italian. Expert Tuition by native teachers, private lessons, small classes, conversation groups. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd. WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

ST JAMES' Academy, 283 Oxford Street, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive Secretarial crses—small groups—remarkable results. Also attractive language Courses & English for Continentals. Hampstead residence.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept, 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

LAKE BALATON
BIG, BLUE & BEAUTIFUL

We have just returned from Lake Balaton, Hungary's inland sea. It is a dream place, beautiful beyond our expectations. The warm sunshine and blue skies, the idyllic scenery, the beaches of silken sand, the food and the wine will delight you. It is really something to experience the spontaneous welcome and friendship of the Hungarian people, whom you will meet at the dances and gay cafés or on the beautiful Balaton beaches.

Be one of the first to enjoy this magnificent holiday land, which is destined to reach the heights of popularity. Our clients will stay at the new summer hotel on the Tihany peninsula. And it costs only 33 gns. for a fortnight by rail or 54 gns. for 16 days by BEA day flights. Week-end departures throughout the summer.

Send now for full details from CONTOURS (Tel. No. MUS. 6463), 72 Newman Street, London, W1. (In co-operation with IBUSZ Travel Office.)

A STRAW HUT
on the shores of the
MEDITERRANEAN!

Spend the holiday of a lifetime with the CLUB MEDITERRANEE on the islands of Elba, Corfu, Corsica, Caprera, Capri or Sicily. Water Ski-ing, sailing, underwater exploration. Two weeks for under £50.

TRAVEL COUNSELLORS LTD,
139 Kensington High St,
(Entrance in Wrights Lane)
London, W8. Western 1517

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

WALKING HOLIDAYS

Our 1959 programme is full of new ideas for people who are tired of conventional holidays and want to get off the beaten track. We have planned many of our holidays for people who enjoy walking—whether beginners or with experience—& we can help you choose a holiday which really will be invigorating.

Our walking holidays are planned carefully at reasonable cost, in some cases with air travel without extra charge.

BLED, YUGOSLAVIA

Our parties stay at a pleasant villa not far from the lake. The hills around Lake Bled offer many attractive walks and it is possible to make the ascent of 9,400ft Mt Triglav by staying overnight, at a mountain hut. Departures, 18 July, 1 Aug., 15 Aug. 16 days for £35 10s.

SWISS FOUR-CENTRE TOUR

A popular walking holiday in the Bernese Oberland, staying at comfortable hotels or pensions at Engelberg, Innerkirchen, Grindelwald and Gimmelwald near Murren. Travel is by air to Basle. Departures every fortnight from 27 June. 16 days from £41 10s. according to date.

NORWAY

This is another four-centre tour well placed in the best mountain country of Norway with walking in the Sogn, Jostedalsbreen and Jotunheimen regions. Departures 18 July, 6 August and 15 August. 15 days for £45 7s. 6d.

ENGADINE & THE DOLOMITES

Two contrasting centres, both excellent for walking. The first week is spent at Ardez in the Engadine, a village on the southern slopes of the Silvretta Alps. The second week is spent in the Val Gardena, near Bolzano. Departures from 20 June until 15 August, and the cost for 16 days is from £38 15s. according to date.

For those who wish to spend longer in the Dolomites we offer a 16-day walking tour staying in the comfortable rifugi of the Italian Alpine Club. Departures 4 July, 18 July, 1 August. 16 days for £45 7s. 6d.

STUBAI ALPS

Our centre in the Tyrol is at Ranalt, a tiny village in the Stubai Valley. There are a wide variety of walks and a number of mountain huts within easy reach. Accommodation is at the village inn. Departures from 20 June to 29 August. 16 days for £30 17s. 6d.

Our programme contains many other interesting suggestions for walking holidays including the Julian Alps of Yugoslavia, the Fribourg Alps and Appenzellerland in little-known Switzerland and Ost Tirol, an unspoilt region of Austria with good walking in the Venediger group.

Send a postcard now for your copy.

RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION
SERVICES LTD.
48D Park Road, Baker Street,
London, NW1.
AMBassador 1001.

SPRINGTIME HOLIDAYS

Enjoy sunshine and spring flowers with one of our early parties to Italy, Greece, Portugal, Austria, Yugoslavia, or Spain.

Special flower tour to Switzerland. Details of Whitsun arrangements in Britain and abroad and other Spring or Summer holidays from:

ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911/8381.

DUCHY of Luxembourg, 15-day cultural holiday for students & young professional pers. both sexes. Includes tours of Duchy, Moselle & Trier. Arranged in co-operation with the Min. of Education, Luxembourg, personally supervised 23 July, 6 August, & 20 August. Fully inclusive door to door 20 gns. Particulars Reed, 3 New Square, WC2.

MEDITERRANEAN, Spain and Basque coasts, camp tours. Dep.: 3/8, 23/8, 11/9. £25. S.a.e. Box 8000.

ALDERMASTON Offshore Islands! Join Anti-Nuclear tour: Germany, Baltic, Swed., Norway 11 July 3 wks. S.a.e. Box 7999.

SPANISH Holiday Agency, Blanes, Costa Brava. This British-owned agency discovers and recommends hotels along the coast and elsewhere in Spain, books rooms without fee.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay, £53 10s. Colombo, £56 10s. Singapore £81 10s. Sydney via Panama £150. Indian National Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon, WC1. HOL. 1193.

SPANISH villa parties for young people. 34 gns. incl. free wine and free excursions in the party's own minibus GER. 0986/ Murrison Small, 43 Upper Addison Gdns W14.

FREE wine, atmosphere, sunshine at Villa in spacious gardens overlooking Florence. Summer all in 29 gns. 15 days. With Rome or Venice up to 35 gns. Venice-Rome-Florence 22 days 43 gns. FREmantle 7183. Univ. Student Holidays, 32 Little Boltons, SW10.

BED & Bard 7 days 4-star hotel Stratford & seats for all 5 plays. From 6 Sept. All-in 22 gns. Write now Dept N, Illyrian Tours, 25 Howland St, London, W1.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

WHERE TO STAY

'BRITAIN'S Best Climate' plus warmth & comfort of Normanhurst for your early holiday. Premier position facing full south, nr pier, sun-lounge, TV, Shamberlands, 2 lounges. From 7 gns. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St Leonards, Sussex.

A FEW May vacancies from 2nd-11th. Only double & twin-bedded rooms. Normanhurst as above.

LA Chaire Hotel, Jersey, Channel Islands, 1st Register, fully licensed, standing in 10 acres, at lovely, unspoilt Rozel Bay. Easy reach of town. Golf, bathing, fishing, boating, etc. Enjoy an early holiday. Write brochure.

CORNWALL. The Slipway House, Port Isaac. Centuries—old guest house. Every comfort. Directly facing harbour, safe bathing. Magnificent cliff/country walks, good touring, garage. Terms 6½-8 gns. Phone 264.

BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden; a charming 17th-century house in the lovely Chiltern Hills; London 1 hour; comfort, excellent food, h. & c., central htg throughout. RAC and AA approval. Tel. 2516.

CHARMING cottage on Cumberland Fells. Peace, mod. conf., good food. Box 7593.

PONY Trekking in the beautiful hills of the Scottish Borders. A superb holiday. Brochure with pleasure (s.a.e. please) from Toftcombs Hotel, Biggar, Scotland.

ARTIST'S 18th Cent. house in cul-de-sac rising off front overlkg Old Town, harbour, fishing boats. Magnif. cliff walks. B. & b. 5 gns., lunch &/or dinner opt. Also avail. Tuition painting, drawing, modelling, pottery. ARCA instructors. Beginners, students welcome. East Hill House Hotel, Tackleway, Hastings. S.a.e. Broch. Tel. 5124.

KESWICK: Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Wonderful scenery, good food, Tel. 508. Write Anne Coupe.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

BRITAIN'S Little Tyrol, Surrey. Highcroft Hotel, Hindhead. Highly recommended. Club licence. (Tel. 49.)

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 21944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, putting green, garages. Superlative food Vacs. Whit. 9 gns. early July, early Aug. 9½-12 gns.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Historic house, woods, lakes, own farm, modern amenities, sea near. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 100 pages, 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

MULLION, Cornwall. Mounts Bay Hotel offers every comf. H. & c. all rms. Exc. cuisine. Children wele. Broch. with pleasure.

SUSSEX, 12 mls Eastbourne. Acres wooded grounds. Own produce. Everything home made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns. Whinrig Guest House, Horam 211.

W. Coast of Ireland. Spend your holidays here this year & stay at Avondale House, on Clew Bay, Mulrany, Co. Mayo, Ireland.

POSITANO: villa has vacs. July to Oct. Full pension. Mod. rates. Box 7177.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

COMBE Martin, Devon. 'Summerlands' Guest House, AA listed, offers homely mod. accom. 5 mins sea. Own grown produce. Stamp for broch. E. Bright ('phone 2205).

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

BELGIUM, Wenduine-on-Sea. Hotel Normandy, nr sandy beach. Full board 21s. inc. Excel. food. Tram to Ostend/Blankenberge

AUBERGE du Vieux Moulin, Mârigny, Indre, France. (Mrs McBride.) Peace, sunshine, good cooking. Lovely surroundings. 12,000 fr. per week incl.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

TODDLER & parents welcd. Furnished flat Hampstead. £22 p.m. Box 7921.

SUNNY room to let Highgate £3 inc. breakfast. ARC. 3658 or MOU. 3042.

SUNNY top floor 2 rooms & bathroom, £3 & £2 10s. inc. h.w., all facs. Charming landlady, congenial household. RIV. 1150.

FURN. flat, double bedroom, sitting-room, kit.-dinette, 'frig., Vent-axia, c.h.w. Fife Rd, East Sheen. PRO. 1832.

GOLDERS Green, close Stn. Contemp. furn. large sunny double divan-room, fitted cookg corn., h. & c. basin, use tel., bath. Congenial house. £4 10s. MEA. 3952.

FURNISHED Flat, 20 mins West End, 2 rooms, own kit./bathrm. GUL. 1758.

HAMPSTEAD. Comf. b/sit., hot & cold w., serv. Continental house. MAI. 3440.

FURN. 2-rm flatlet, bedsitt. & kit.-dining rms, bath, twin div. beds, gas htg & cooking. 70s. BAL. 1682 after 5 p.m. on Sat.

CHARMING balcony bed-sitting room, modern block, every convenience, WC1. Breakfast optional. Ring TER. 3752.

ATTRACTIVE, large, sunny bed-sitting room: all amenities. TUDor 8844.

LIGHT spac. sgle dyn room, yng bus. lady. C. h., c.h.w., lin., china, light ckg. Trans. gd. Broadesbury, NW2. 3 gns. WIL. 6025.

S/C. furn. flat, b/s., kit., bathrm, newly dec. Suit 1 or cple. LAD. 3031.

V. attract. divan rm, pleas. surrndgs, h. & c., ample ckg fac. WIMbledon 9516.

BELSIZE Pk. Grd s/c lge lounge, bed, k/din., b-rm. £250 p.a. ex. MUS. 3404.

GIRL (20-25) wanted to share large s/c. grd flr mod. flat. 'frig., tel., with 2 others. Reas. rent. MOU. 2285.

FOR flat-sharing try Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUSeum 0512.

KEW. Mortlake Rd. Quiet tenants for upp. maisonette, 1 lge rec., 3 beds, lge kit., bath, w.c. £300 exclus. No prem. Box 7929.

YOUNG bachelor offers accommodation to another or couple. Interests opera, cycling. Large comfortable flat in Sutton, Surrey. Trains to Victoria (24 mins.) and London Bridge. Box 7856.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

SEASIDE cottage, Suffolk, all elec, sleep 5-6. 3-24 July 9 gns. wk. 8-29 Aug. 10 gns. wk. Vill. loved by artists & childn. Box 7872.

MODERNISED hol. cottages ex. 25 July-29 Aug. Portland Hse, Aberayron, Cards.

SOUTH Cornwall, Gerrans Bay, facing Portscatho. Unique private position on farm overlooking superb sandy beach; modern Countess 4-berth caravan to let; fully eqpd. Free from 30 May except 1-29 Aug. Rent June 6 gns., July-Sept. 7 gns. wkly. Box 7488.

OVERLKG N. Devon beach: furn. studio sip 4, short hols. Vac. till Aug., 10 gns. wk. S.a.e. Duncan, Welcome, Bideford.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

PAINTER seeks large room(s), attic or outhouse, etc., pref. unf. Can be rough, must be cheap. Anywhere L'n. Box 7959.

UNIVERSITY graduate, continental (57) seeks comfortable furnished room or flat share in friendly, cultured atmosphere. Details to Box 7892.

MUSICAL civil servant seeks fur. accom. for self and piano in congenial London house. Good sight reader. Interests: accompanying strings/singing. 16th Cent. polyphony. (Tenor voice.) Box 8014.

DOCTOR requires quiet, single flatlet/b. sit. All fac. Hampstead/Swiss Cottage/Belsize. Box 8013.

ACCOMMODATION in English Homes wanted for foreign students attending London University, also hospitality to young paying guests from abroad during holidays. Mrs Overdyck, 32 Cavendish Ave., Ealing, W13, or telephone after 7 p.m. Alperton 2370.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

S/C gdn flat, Highgate, 2 good rooms, large hall, kit. & bath, share garage, garden/meadow. £1,700 frhld. Box 7857.

ACCESS to New Forest. Sympathetic owner wanted for really old thatched cottage. Not isolated. Modernised. mains. 2/3 beds. Small gdn., gar., £2,000 o.n.o. Box 7661.

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NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN

THE ROYAL BALLET
27 & 30 April at 7.30 — Le Lac des Cygnes.
2 May at 2.15 — Danses Concertantes, Petrushka, Les Patineurs.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
28 April & 1 May at 7 p.m. — Don Carlos (in Italian).
29 April & 2 May at 7.30 p.m. — Tosca (in Italian).

COV. 1066.

OPERA Circle. Sun. 26 April, 8 p.m., 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Illustrations from Eight Handel Operas. Lecturer: John Tobin. Artists: Pauline Brockless, David Galliver & Hervey Alan. Detls: Hon. Sec., Mrs. Rosenfeld, WES. 7513.

SADLER'S Wells. (TER. 1672.) Evgs 7.30. Sats. 2.30. Tamara Toumanova. 2nd Prog.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu./Fr. 8, St., Sn. 5 & 8. Mary Ellis in 'Dark Halo'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls, 3-yr Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Last wk. 10th Ed. 11th Ed. commences 27 April.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30, Th. 2.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Margaret Johnston in 'Sugar in the Morning', by Donald Howarth.

TH. Royal, E.15. MAR. 5973. 8. Sat. 5 & 8. Marston's 'The Dutch Courtesan'.

TOWER. 7.30. 23, 24, 25 Apr.: 'Peer Gynt'. 1, 2 (mems. 3), 7, 8, 9 May: 'The Birthday Party'. – CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N.1

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. 'God Bless the Guv'nor' by Ted Willis. Mems.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY, 26 April, Royal Festival Hall, at 7.30. Pierre Monteux conducts London Symphony Orchestra: Tragic Overture-Brahms; Piano Concerto No. 4 – Beethoven (soloist, Clifford Curzon); Don Quixote-Strauss (solo 'cello, Kenneth Heath). 5s.-21s. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

REDCLIFFE Festival of British Music. Kensington Town Hall, Wed. 29 April at 7.30. Works by Handel, Finzi, Vaughan Williams, Ferguson, Teed, etc. Artists: Thea King, Norman Tattersall, Howard Ferguson, Roy Teed. Tickets: 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from usual agents.

CARL Dolmetsch with his Sons & Daughters, & Joseph Saxby. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. 30 April, 7 p.m. Tickets: 3s., 5s 6d., 9s., at Hall.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz. Mon., 27 Apr., 8 p.m. Mems 1s. 6d. Guests 2s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 3 May: Clouzet's 'Le Mystère Picasso' (U). Astruc's 'Le Rideau Cramoisi' (X).

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

ROXY (BAY. 2345) W/c 26 Apl John Wayne, Robert Stack 'The High & the Mighty' (U) Clint Walker 'The Argonauts' (A).

FORUM 4. 'The Visual Persuaders', National Film Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo, SE1, 3-10 May: The most exciting forthcoming event! With film and live TV broadcasts. Book now, or full prog. (s.a.e., lge) from John Morley, Joint Council For Education Through Art, 1 Cambalt Rd, SW15. Spkrs incl. Raymond Williams, Lindsay Anderson, Malcolm Muggeridge, Tom Driberg, Doris Lessing, Ritchie Calder, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Karel Reisz, John Berger, &c.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmon's Group. Today Sat. 25 April, 8-11 p.m. Mems 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions over 100 titles from pictures in public & private collections. Illus. Catalogue 1s. 6d. from & showroom at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'The Developing Process.' New possibilities in art teaching. Thu. 30 April until 23 May. Weekdays 10-6, Saturday 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. Bratby, Buhler, Collins, de Francia, Fussell, Grant, Greaves, de Grey, Kinley, Middleditch, Pinker, Robb, Spear, Tilson, Turner, Williams.

ANTIQUARIAN Book Fair, 22 April-2 May, National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, W1. ABA members display rare books, mss., all prices. Mon.-Fri. 11-6.30. Thursdays 11-8. Sat. 11-5. Admission free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Transformable Painting, Painting in Movement by Agam. Till 5 May. Daily 10-6, except Sunday.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ZWEMMER'S, 76 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings by Fred Uhlman & Carel Weight, ARA, 7 April to 2 May.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Don Cammell: First one man show.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Signori – Sculpture. Anita De Caro – Collages. To 1 May 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery, 'Paintings by Atlan' until 2 May, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Paintings by Anthony Gross and Anne Dunn. Water-colours by John Marshall. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Till 29 April.

REYNOLDS Stone: Engravings and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 9 May. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. (Admits also to Odilon Redon.)

ODILON Redon: Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 9 May: Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. (Admits also to Reynolds Stone.)

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Avigdor Arikha – Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 2 May. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St, W1. Christopher Wood. The First Retrospective Exhibition since 1938. Hrs 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closing 8 May.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Rodin: Bronzes and Drawings.

FRANCIS Gruber: An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 3 May. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Alexander Mackenzie: recent paintings. 2 Cork Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: The Graven Image: An exhibition of recent prints and drawings by British artists. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 20 April-9 May. Dorothy Bordass, Michael Fussell, Violet Fuller. Paintings. 10-6 Sats 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 26 April, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'Limits of Tolerance' H. J. Blackham.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

Universities & Left Review Club
'THE COMING GENERAL ELECTION': TOM DRIBERG
The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon. 27 April, 7.30. 2s. Mems. 1s.

UNIVERSITIES & Left Review Club in Edinburgh. Rev. Michael Scott: 'Africa, The Way Forward', 29 April, 8 p.m. Chaplaincy Centre, Forrest Rd (George IV Bridge).

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Parliamentary Privilege' will be delivered by The Rt Hon. Lord Kilmuir at 5 p.m. on 4 May at King's College, Strand, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

'MODERN War – A Challenge to Christians.' Public Meeting 25 May at 7.30 p.m. at Royal Albert Hall. Speakers include Canon Collins (Chairman), Victor Gollancz, Dr Gruber, Prof. Hromadka, Dame K. Lonsdale, Revd Mervyn Stockwood: Jill Balcon and John Neville. Tickets 2s. 6d. res, 1s. unres. from the Hall or Christian Action, 2 Amen Ct, EC4 (CITy 6869): Friends Peace Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1 (EUSton 3601).

'IS Peace Possible?' Questions on current topics answered by Vicky, James Cameron, Kathleen Lonsdale, Stuart Morris, Chairman: Sybil Morrison, on Tuesday, 5 May, 7.30 p.m. at the Caxton Hall, SW1. Org. by The Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh Street, WC1. EUS. 5501. Written questions may be sent in advance to Sybil Morrison at above address.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed. 29 April. Counc. T. E. Harris, 'Local Government', Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1, 7.30 p.m. Vis. 2s. 6d.

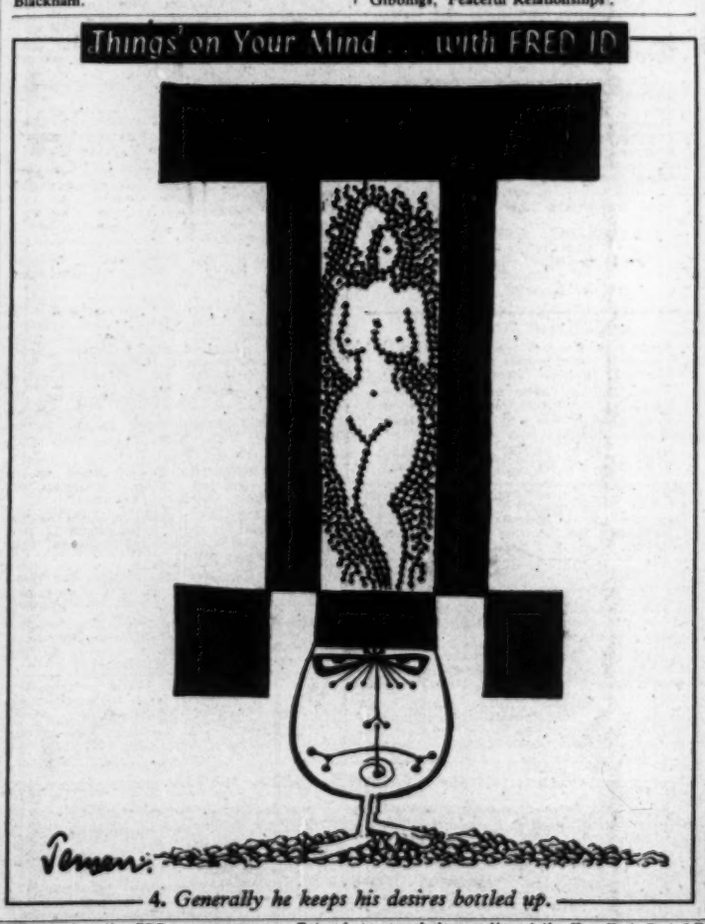
AFRICAN Forum – Second Sec. Chinese Embassy on People's Communes, 28 Apr., 7.30. Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, Soho Sq, W1.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Wed., 29 April, 'Basis of Ethics'. Admission free.

IWC London Branch. Fri. 1 May, 8.30 p.m. 'Borderlands of Crime', Lt Col. Willett, BSc., 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688. Free.

'BULGARIA Strides Towards Abundance'. Spkr Préss Attaché Bulgarian Legation. Conway Hall, Holborn. Tu. 28 Apr. 7.30 p.m.

SUFI Service. PPU Religion Commission and Universal Centre. 3.30, Sunday, 26 April. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Rev. Cecil Gibbings, 'Peaceful Relationships'.



4. Generally he keeps his desires bottled up.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY College London. Free Public Lectures, Summer Term 1959: Wed. and Thurs., 6, 7 May, at 5.30, Professor Theodor H. Gaster, 'New Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls.' Thurs. 7, 14, 21 May, at 5.00. The Barlow Lectures on Dante by Professor J. H. Whitfield, (1) The Changing Face of Dante; (2). Dante in Boccaccio; (3) Dante and Leopardi. Thurs. 28 May, at 5.00, Professor F. Chiappelli, Tradizione latina e ispirazione moderna nel Tasso. (In Italian.) Complete list of public lectures from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower St, WC1. (Samped envelope required.)

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Achievement of the Hapsburg Empire in the Cultural Renaissance of East Central Europe' will be delivered by Professor H. F. Schmid (Vienna) at 5 p.m. on 4 May at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Cassal Lectures entitled 'Michelet Interprète de la Figure Humaine' will be delivered by Professor J. J. M. Pommier (Collège de France) at 5.30 p.m. on 30 April and 1 May at University of London, Senate House, WC1. The lectures will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

TV transmissions ('To-night' and 'This Week'), National Film Theatre, SE1, 3-10 May, plus these films in full: A Generation, Face in the Crowd, Singing in the Rain, Path of Glory, The Little Island. – Book now, The Visual Persuaders, or full programme from John Morley, 1 Cambalt Road, SW15.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 24 April, 8 p.m. 'Russia, April 1959' – talk by NUS students.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. J. D. Bernal on The Platonic Solids in Art. Chairman: Marcus Brumwell. Thursday 30 April, 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 29 April, 6.30: 'Zen for the Younger Generation', Miss P. Kennett. Also Study Class, Tue. 28 April, 6.30 and Saturday Group, 1 May, 3 p.m. (reading, discussion & tea, open to all – bring your friends!). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way' for all Buddhist news & views, & don't forget to book for Summer School, Hoddesdon, 28 Aug.-4 Sept. (only £9) or you may be too late! Information TAT. 1313.

ST. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 26 Apr. Archibald Robertson, MA, 'Keep the Human Race Alive'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

THE First Jonathan Davis Memorial Lecture, King Alfred School, North End Rd, NW11, 6 May at 8 p.m. Ronald Fuller, 'The Two Worlds of Knowledge'. Adm. free.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun. 26 April, 8 p.m. 'On Occult Science'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2 (PAD. 0688).

EASTERN Wisdom: Four talks on practical Yoga at Caxton Hall, Westminster, 11.30, 1.30, 3.0, 4.45, 2 May. Arr. Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W11.

'GRODDECK on the Child's Psyche': Oscar Kölleström, Thurs. 30 April at 8.15, Caxton Hall, Caxton St., SW1.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8. 2 May at 6 p.m. Swedish Film: 'Summer with Monika' (English subtitles).

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

'CRIME and Society.' 20-21 June Week-end Course. Speakers include Hugh Klare, Dr William Allchin, Kenneth Bowden and others. Applications to Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring. Tel. 2302.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'Some Aspects of the Economic Life of the 13th and 14th Centuries': (i) 'Flemish Trade in England in the 13th Century'; (ii) 'Currency and Trade in Western Europe during the 13th Century'; (iii) 'The economic Significance of Currency Manipulations in the Later Middle Ages' will be delivered by Professor E. Perroy (Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on 5 and 6 May and at 5 p.m. on 7 May at University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'Roman Historians and Roman Revivals': (i) 'Sallust: A Problem of Influence'; (ii) 'Livy and the Revival of Roman History in Monte Cassino' will be delivered by Professor T. Bloch (Harvard and American Academy in Rome) at 5.30 p.m. on 4 and 5 May at University College (Gustave Tuck Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

LECTURE COURSES—contd. on page 801

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